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Your move

11 JUL 1945
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By
BETTY NESBIT

THERE IS nothing more infuriating than to puzzle over the moves while your confident opponent reads in peace.

THE current craze for chess has got me in. Some unpleasant types suggest I'd be better off reading a good book. But I persevere.

Certainly I'm not in the Kerrigan class, but it's surprising what chess can do for a girl.

One day I mentioned chess to my chemist. It seems he's so keen on it that he plays by correspondence with a man in Bourke.

Since our little chat there has been a marked increase in my supplies of face-cleaning tissues and my favorite brand of face-cream. Not to mention a pair of pre-war sunglasses.

Knowing a little about the game has endeared me to a number of people, who, before this, were not interested in me at all.

There's a man who has sat next to me on the ferry for years. We never spoke a word until one day he heard me discussing chess with the girl on the other side.

Now as soon as he sees me he gets out pen and paper, draws a chess board, and instructs me on the best openings.

When we reach our destination I have a dazed expression on my face and a piece of paper in my hand bearing these mysterious signs:

(1) P—K4. (2) P—KB4. (3) Kt.—KB3. (4) P—KR4.

Our neighborhood has taken to the game with a mad passion, breaking out in a sort of black-and-white rash.

Even the pretty young girl who lives in the flat upstairs plays.

When her soldier fiance is on leave they spend every night sitting at home, intent on their chess board.

Not even the brightest moonlight nights lure them off for a walk along the seashore.

I had my first lesson some years ago, when the 14-year-old from next door offered to teach me.

He painstakingly described the pieces to me, how they moved, and their value on the board.

"Mum says I play very well," he remarked in a superior manner as he laid out the pieces for the first game.

We both made a few moves. Mine were somewhat hesitant and thoroughly vague in intention, as I hadn't grasped their purpose.

Then it happened. How I don't know. But the blue-eyed little boy looked at me. His voice trembled a bit.

"You've won," he said. "I'm checkmated."

This came as a complete surprise. If he hadn't been so honest I would never have known that I'd won. At this stage I didn't know what a checkmate was.

I tried to pass it off as "beginner's luck," but I wasn't asked to play another game and little Willie went home.

And I probably would never have played again if it hadn't been for the community craze. I've often wondered if the war has anything to do with it. Strategy and all that.

Anyway, it was the war that brought it in earnest to our home, for my sister married an American who had carried his chess set all through the South-west Pacific campaign.

In self-defence I acquired a new instructor.

He was quite as superior as Willie, and less helpful.

After a brief explanation of the principles of the game he proceeded to knock my pieces off the board, one after the other.

This became monotonous, in fact, maddening.

Just as I was gaining a little confidence, he sat down with a cat-and-canary expression and moved. I moved. He moved again. So did I. There was his Queen and Bishop staring my King right in the face.

It looked suspicious to me. I held my head, wondering how to get out of the jam.

Finally I said: "I think I must be checkmated!"

"Of course you are!" he said, with a smug grin. "I was wondering how long before you woke up to it."

"But I only had three moves," I protested hysterically.

"That," he said, sweeping up the pieces, "is what is known as the scholar's mate."

Fascinated by this cunning manoeuvre I begged to be shown how.

Eventually I could work it out when I was white, but just couldn't see how to move my pieces when I was black.

This is either due to an optical illusion, or my I.Q. is very low.

I have managed to win a game only once by this move. My opponent was a girl, a new player.

Her astonishment when she realised she had been checkmated was gratifying.

The next time it was my turn to be black and I was unable to repeat the success.

This girl had just married a Dutch officer in the Merchant Navy.

He is devoted to chess and she was determined to be as good a player as he by the time he arrived home from sea.

She used to read me long, loving letters from him in which he described his games of chess with the first engineer. One game lasted three hours and was only broken up by an unexpected Japanese dive-bombing attack.

I have another friend whose husband is laboriously teaching her. She says she wouldn't mind his being so much better if he would not read a book or the evening paper while she makes her moves.

"I know I take rather a long time to think," she says, "but it rubs it in when he looks up, moves his piece, and goes back with a comfortable sigh to his thriller."

I comforted her with the story of the Cuban chess champion, who, when playing with a slow opponent, used to take a twenty-minute swim between moves.

There's no twenty-minute pause for my moves. In fact, that's just my trouble. I'm the impetuous type. I look at the board. I see a move which will, or should, capture for me at least a knight or a bishop.

At this stage I can hardly wait for my opponent to make his move, fearful lest he will see that he has left his piece unprotected and move it out of danger at once.

But, no, he apparently doesn't see it at all. When it is my move I swoop down on it with a whoop of excitement.

His next move is to take two of my best pieces, one of which is usually the Queen. It turns out that it was all a trap.

"You don't think," he says witheringly, "do you, that I would leave a piece unprotected without a good reason?"

Ah, well, they say, if you keep on trying . . .

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IN THE DOGHOUSE WITH LOVE

By . . .
BEN MERSON

THE manpower problem had caused considerable change in Bridgeville. Everyone was employed, and some in unusual manner. Tom Burke, long regarded as the town idiot, was now chief statistician at the plane plant. Mrs. Frooks, who grew spider webs on her ceilings from sheer lassitude, grew them now for patriotism, profit, and cross hairs on bomb sights. And Joan Waters, who should have been someone's pin-up girl, labored as dog warden.

Joan had returned from college three months earlier. With her she brought back pronounced views on many things. Also a degree in science, a veterinary's licence, and an abiding interest in biology. Mrs. Waters shared the latter.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Waters, looking at her daughter's green eyes, red hair, and harmonious figure, "that you'll be marrying some nice young man soon."

"What for?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters had not considered the motives for marriage in years, although she had been a widow for ten, and pursued by the wealthy Mr. Pennington for nine. "Love," she said vaguely.

"I did not go to college," said Joan, "to learn to curry-comb a man's ego. My career will be the care of intelligent animals."

Two days later Joan heard that Dr. Gridley, Bridgeville's only veterinarian, had joined the Army, leaving behind well-equipped kennels, instruments, and a wife.

"I would like to take over Dr. Gridley's practice," said Joan.

"You may have it for fifteen hundred dollars," said Mrs. Gridley.

Joan suggested Mrs. Gridley engage her at a salary. Mrs. Gridley said that with excess-profit taxes she saw no point in becoming an employer.

Joan was disconsolate. Mrs. Gridley was sympathetic. "I'll let you have first call on the doctor's practice," she said, "when you get the money. Meanwhile, why don't you apply for the position of dog warden?"

"An excellent suggestion," said Joan, rejecting it immediately.

On her way down South State Street, however, she began to see merit in the idea. True, dog warden was merely legislative English for dogcatcher. And its relation to veterinary medicine was oblique. But it was a related field. And meanwhile she could save for her goal.

Her mind made up, Joan strode into the Common Council meeting at City Hall and announced her candidacy. The councilmen eyed her appreciatively, listened not at all, and shook their heads.

Then Mr. Pennington spoke up. Mr. Pennington was very influential. His estate was a show place, his Great Danes were champions, and his temper vile. He also raised prize pigs, among them an albino which he had loaned to the Bridgeville Zoo.

"I insist on this young woman's appointment," said Mr. Pennington. "Otherwise I shall take personal action."

What Mr. Pennington meant was that he would take his pig. Joan was elected.

"Mr. Pennington left so hurriedly I didn't get a chance to thank him," Joan told her mother later. "Perhaps I should send him a thank-you note."

"That fathead?" said Billy, her ten-year-old brother. "Send him a time bomb. Stuff two ounces of black powder in a lead pipe——"

"Quiet, Billy!" said Mrs. Waters.

"What for, mum? You don't like that vulcanised heels any more than I do."

Joan looked at her mother quizzically.

"Certainly," said Billy. "Mum chucked Pennington out of the house."

Mrs. Waters sighed, seized Billy's ear, and climbed the stairs with it, Billy following closely behind.

Mr. Pennington had been visiting Mrs. Waters for many years. He had buried his wife the same week she had buried her husband, and he felt this gave them something in common. At first he brought along his son Howard, who was Joan's age. Howard disliked Joan's pigtails. Joan disliked his freckles. Thereafter Mr. Pennington came alone. Each Friday night he would arrive at eight o'clock, speak of Mr. Pennington until ten, and then on his way out ask Mrs. Waters to marry him. Mrs. Waters always said no and invited him to call the following Friday.

When her mother came back into the room, Joan demanded, "Now tell me what happened last Friday with Mr. Pennington."

Mrs. Waters was upset by the memory. Billy had taken Mr. Pennington's coat, knotted the sleeves, and in each sleeve deposited a Siamese kitten. Then he helped Mr. Pennington on with his coat.

Mr. Pennington was unreasonable. He leaped out of his coat, belabored Billy with his umbrella, and thrust one of the kittens down Billy's overalls.

"That was very childish and stupid," said Mrs. Waters. "But when Mr. Pennington called Billy the son of a silly old hen, I ordered him out."

Joan had never liked Mr. Pennington, but she knew her mother was fond of him. "Mr. Pennington's probably sorry, mother," she said. "That's why he had me elected today."

Mrs. Waters shook her head. "Mr. Pennington never gives anything for nothing."

And neither did Bridgeville, Joan discovered. The founding fathers had created the office of dog warden with an eye to thrift.

There was no salary. Instead, the warden received fifty per cent. of the licence fees, set at five dollars for males and twice that amount for females. Unlicenced beasts were subject to confiscation. If the warden was sentimental, he could feed them. If practical, he could consign them to the gas chamber. Whatever his pleasure, he paid the bills himself, were it feed or carbon monoxide.

However, the warden had privileges. He could use the pound, in the basement of City Hall, rent free. He was given a truck and extra gasoline stamps. And "in the event of epidemic or emergency" he could deputise any citizen.

"Little Joan, the dog-catcher," the lieutenant greeted her, genially.

Sitting in her cubbyhole office three months later, Joan balanced her accounts. After fifteen minutes she entered the figure in the ledger: "Net profit . . . 1 dollar 75 cents." Then she went to see Mrs. Gridley.

"Mrs. Gridley, I am resigning," said Joan, "and you must help me."

"But why, Joan?"

"Eugenics and economics. They don't apply to Bridgeville."

Mrs. Gridley was somewhat puzzled. So Joan explained. Since licences for female dogs cost twice as much as for males, the females had practically disappeared.

"The town is crawling with males," said Joan, "and a girl can't live on that."

"But there are enough of them to make your job worth while."

"Enough?" said Joan. "There must be at least a thousand. But they were all licensed by the other warden."

"That's terrible," said Mrs. Gridley.

This expression of sympathy was the opening Joan had been waiting for. "In that case, Mrs. Gridley," she said, "since you are partly responsible, you must help. It was at your suggestion I took the job. Now I am resigning. The least you could do is to let me have the doctor's practice."

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said Mrs. Gridley firmly.

A tear of disappointment ran down Joan's nose. Mrs. Gridley mistook it for anguish. "Well," she said, "two hundred—and the remainder in instalments."

"Even that is too much," protested Joan.

"I simply couldn't make the down payment less," said Mrs. Gridley.

"But where would I get the money?"

"Well," said Mrs. Gridley doubtfully, "there are Mr. Pennington's Danes——"

"What's that?" said Joan.

"His Danes," repeated Mrs. Gridley. "He must have at least three dozen. And mostly females. But you'll never get him to pay. No dog warden ever has."

"Oh, they haven't?" said Joan.

The following week found Joan taking a short cut across the flowerbeds as she drove her truck through Mr. Pennington's estate.

Mr. Pennington flew through the door, and rooted himself in front of the truck. "Stop!" he shrieked.

Joan got out. "Mr. Pennington," she said, "I have come for the dog-licence fees."

Mr. Pennington regarded her badge with disgust. "That's gratitude!" he snapped.

"Wrong," said Joan. "That's law."

"Bridgeville's law," said Mr. Pennington, "not mine." He glared. "Young woman, get out of my forget-me-nots."

"Mr. Pennington, get out of my way." Reaching into the truck, Joan withdrew a bamboo pole to which was attached a short noosed rope. She dangled it over Mr. Pennington's polished skull. "Either you pay or I take the dogs."

A sinister expression crossed Mr. Pennington's face. "I suppose your mother put you up to this?" Joan ignored him and walked toward the kennels. "Well, she can't henpeck me, young woman." He stomped into the house.

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In the Doghouse with Love

JOAN was amazed at the lack of resistance. Also at the kennels. They were twenty-five Pennington estates in miniature, surrounded by granite walls with grilled gates.

The gate in front of which she stood was padlocked. So were the next twenty-three. But the last one was not. It bore the name-plate "Hamlet," and as she approached she noticed that Mr. Pennington was watching from an upstairs window.

Joan flung the gate open. Hamlet bounded out. She thrust the noose over his head. Hamlet reared up. Joan arched through the air and landed violently on her slacks.

Springing up, Joan tugged at the noose. Hamlet tugged, too. Joan skidded and sat down. Before she could get up, Hamlet was dragging her down the path, picking up speed as he went. Joan hung on.

Suddenly Hamlet stopped. And Joan, too, against a pair of long, khaki-clad legs. An arm reached down, put her against a tree.

"Little Joan, the dogcatcher," said the lieutenant. "She still plays rough."

Joan stared. "Howard Pennington," she said. She had not seen him for eight years.

"We've been expecting you, Joan—that is"—he patted Hamlet apologetically—"father has."

"So!" said Joan. Howard fidgeted and eyed her warmly. "Sorry," he said. "Father has an odd sense of humor."

"Howard," she said, "your father is a lawbreaker."

He nodded abstractedly.

"And you, his son, are fighting to uphold the laws of democracy."

"Uh-huh," said Howard.

Joan removed the badge from her cap and pinned it on his lapel. "I hereby name you deputy dog warden of Bridgeville, with orders to confiscate all canine property of Josiah Pennington, and bring them to the Bridgeville pound."

Howard let out a roar of laughter. He was still laughing when Joan drove off in her truck.

Joan was not at all surprised when Howard delivered the twenty-five dogs to the pound next day. Nor at his immediate attempt to kiss her. She understood the nature of men perfectly. Of women, too, including herself. It was merely primitive vanity which made her glow when Howard held her hand.

"Howard," she said, pointing to the dogs, "you have real moral courage."

"And, baby," said Howard, not pointing at all, "you have real super-oomph."

Since the pound was overcrowded with cats, Joan had no choice but to have Howard drive her home with the Danes. Mrs. Waters was disturbed when they started unloading. "Heavens," she said, "young ponies!"

Howard whistled, and Hamlet flopped on to a sofa. "They're no trouble at all," said Howard. "Very gentle. And all they eat is eight pounds of meat a day each."

"They'll eat dog food and like it," said Joan. "I'm sure it will be only for a day. Mr. Pennington will probably be here in the morning with his cheque book."

Howard fumbled with his cap. "Well, good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," said Joan, "and thank you."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Waters was disconsolately figuring expenses when there was a knock at the door. It was Howard.

"I'm in a terrible fix," he said. "I—can't go home." He looked at Joan abjectly. "I took the dogs while father was away, and left him a note——"

"You mean that you did it behind his back? That you didn't have the courage to face him?" Joan said.

Howard hung his head.

"And now you're afraid to go home?"

"Well, not exactly afraid — but, knowing my father as I do——"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Waters. "And knowing him as I do, I think you're right, poor boy. Stay with us, Howard."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Waters."

Howard slept in the cellar. As an engineer, he said, he found the furnace companionable. And his furlough was ending in a month. The memory of a bed would be disturbing to his future morale.

Contrary to Joan's expectations, neither Mr. Pennington nor his cheque arrived. The complications were immediate. One sniff at the food set out for them and the Danes went on a hunger strike. Hamlet sulkily paced back and forth. But

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the others whined in miserable chorus, both by day and by night.

"Poor brutes," Howard sighed. "They're getting thinner. They miss their meat."

"Maybe, they'll die," suggested Billy.

Mrs. Waters was appalled. "A stew," she said. "Perhaps they'll eat stew." The stew was mixed with the dog food.

"It works," said Joan, after a trial offer.

The Danes thrived. They romped through the house, and otherwise behaved like aristocrats.

It was obvious they needed more exercise. So each morning Joan tied them in spans of six behind her

"There! Now do you believe it's real?"

truck and drove slowly through Bridgeville. Howard always went with her.

When they returned one day after their drive they found Mrs. Waters sitting on the sofa as if stunned.

"What happened, mother?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters shook her head numbly. "He won't take them."

"What are you talking about?"

"I couldn't stand it any longer," said Mrs. Waters, "so I called Mr. Pennington and said, 'Please come and take your dogs.'"

"And he refused?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters nodded. "And very impolitely. He said, 'You can keep those blasted dogs, you fool!' And then he hung up."

"Father is very peculiar," said Howard.

"Very masculine," said Mrs. Waters.

"For pity's sakes, mother, you're not thinking of——" She patted Mrs. Waters on the shoulder. "Well, don't. You won't have to—not even if I have to get on my knees and beg Mrs. Gridley for a job."

Joan was at the pound the next morning when a newsboy delivered her copy of the Bridgeville Courier. The headline made her gasp:

PENNINGTON GIVING PRIZE GREAT DANES TO ARMY

Joan telephoned Mrs. Waters. "Mother," she said grimly, "I think I have Pennington exactly where I want him."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Waters. "He's right here in the parlor."

Joan reached home as Mrs. Gridley was entering the garden gate.

"I've come to borrow sugar," said Mrs. Gridley. "I'm expecting company."

"Come in," said Joan.

It was an unusual Pennington Joan saw in the parlor. He was sitting stiffly on the edge of the chair, mouth agape, while Howard paced angrily before him. An unusual Howard, too, Joan reflected.

"Honest, Howard," sputtered Mr. Pennington, "the Courier invented that story. I didn't tell them any such thing."

"Correct," said Mrs. Gridley. "I told them!" She waved her sugar bowl under Mr. Pennington's nose. "Now, you old skinflint, you'll have to give those dogs away, or deny you're a patriot."

Mr. Pennington wilted in his chair.

"Dog lover," sniffed Mrs. Gridley. "For ten years you've owed my husband, the doctor, a bill. Bah!"

Joan's eyes flashed green ice. "Well, Mr. Pennington?" she said.

"Well, I'm ready to take the dogs," said Mr. Pennington weakly.

"Really?" said Joan. "Under the law—Bridgeville's law, not yours—the dogs are the property of the warden."

Mr. Pennington gritted his teeth. "I'll pay the licence fees."

"Plus the cost of the feed," said Joan. "Here are the bills. And, don't forget a cheque for Mrs. Gridley!"

Mr. Pennington scribbled reluctantly and handed over the cheques.

"And now, Mrs. Gridley," said Joan, "about the doctor's practice. I believe you said two hundred dollars down?"

"Oh, my heavens!" said Mrs. Gridley. "The doctor! He's coming home to-day. Kicked by a mule and mustered out of the Army. I must make him a cake. That's why I came to borrow sugar."

"Then his practice——?"

"Oh, he'll pick it up again."

Joan turned to Howard and his father. "Get your dogs out of here," she ordered. They nodded, but neither moved.

HOWARD looked at Joan pleadingly. Mr. Pennington looked pleadingly at Mrs. Waters.

"Joan, I love you," Howard said.

"And his father loves your mother," said Mr. Pennington.

"Bosh," said Joan.

"Fiddlesticks," said Mrs. Waters.

"It's the truth," said Mr. Pennington. "I even had Joan named dog warden to prove it. And after you chased me out of your house, too."

"You called me a silly old hen!"

"I really meant to call you darling."

"And I had a crush on you, Joan, the moment I saw you," said Howard.

Joan felt a warm glow, which she promptly suppressed.

"However," said Howard, "you were so businesslike it was discouraging. But when you deputised me to confiscate father's dogs, it gave me a chance to move right in with you."

"But you said you couldn't go home!" broke in Mrs. Waters. She turned to Mr. Pennington. "Josiah, you were in on this—this plot!" Mr. Pennington shrank into his overcoat. "For shame!"

"No, no, Mary, it was for love." Mr. Pennington rose resolutely. "I thought it would help both me and the dogs. I said to myself, 'When Mary gets a little—er—financially troubled feeding those dogs, she'll say yes.' You will, Mary, won't you?"

"Why, Josiah, such romantic intrigue!" She gave Mr. Pennington her hand, and he clutched it fervently.

Howard grinned at Joan. "Looks like Mrs. Gridley's bill has repaid father with interest."

"And made a dog slacker look like a patriot," retorted Joan.

"Slacker, nothing! Those Danes were pledged to the Army six months ago."

"You mean——"

"They were fat and out of condition. But father's sentimental. He just couldn't help overfeeding them." Howard hugged Joan and, much to her surprise, she hugged him back. "Sending them here was a painless way of putting them on a diet. And anyway, Joan——"

"Yes, Howard."

"Those dogs are mine, not father's."

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DANGER IN PARADISE

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IRIS RANDALL, beautiful radio artist, undertakes to deliver a box of cigars to PEDRO HERNANDEZ when returning from an entertainment tour. She buys a similar box for her admirer, JIMMY DRAKE, sales manager of Carrington Studios.

When Jimmy and AL BRENNER, night-club proprietor, escort her to her flat after dining together, they find it being ransacked by CLAUDE WILLIAMS, who shoots Brenner and escapes. Subsequent search shows that he stole Hernandez' cigars and a small brooch.

LIEUTENANT MAX GOLD takes charge of the case.

Iris buys a duplicate box of cigars for Hernandez, but he is perturbed to learn that they are not the original ones she was given. During a studio party that night, at which WALLY CARRINGTON, the director, his wife SONIA, and other executives are present, one of the models suddenly screams that Iris and MARGIE BRETT, telephonist, are lying dead in Jimmy's office.

Jimmy continues the narrative—

"Call headquarters," I said, my arms still around Iris. "Ask for Lieutenant Max Gold."

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ALMOST before I knew it, I was running for my office. A mass of people followed, our overalls and fancy costumes suddenly becoming strangely incongruous.

I must have moved fast because, in spite of the surging of the crowd in that direction, I was first into my office. My desk light—the one I use for working—was on. The light it gave bounced off the shiny desk top and filled the room with a sombre illumination. I looked at the floor and saw Iris lying face downwards.

A gun—an ugly little automatic—lay on the floor a few inches from her body.

I went to my knees and reached for Iris. Somebody—a man shoved against me. A big voice said, "Give me room."

I looked up and said, "Who are you?" And then I saw. He was a doctor. He was employed by a firm for whom we did a lot of precision photography. He looked calm and competent. I gave him room.

He examined Iris expertly, then said: "She isn't dead, only stunned. Probably not badly hurt. Where's Margie Brett?"

Someone pointed to the corner of the office where Margie lay. Dr. Beckwith went there.

I put my arms about Iris' shoulders. I raised her a little. Her breathing was pretty even. Her body felt warm. A hand—a man's hand—came within range of my eyes. Reaching for the gun on the floor. A voice said, "Don't touch that!" I looked up. The man who had reached for the gun was Howard Lawton, our assistant business manager. The man who had stopped him was Wally Carrington.

Somebody brought a paper cup filled with water. I held it to Iris' lips, but she didn't open them. So I gave the cup back to the person who had brought it. Over in the corner Dr. Beckwith was working over Margie. He got up and looked at us. He said quietly, "Margie is dead. Shot through the heart."

A woman said, "Oh, Lord . . ." and there was silence. Then Wally Carrington said, "Telephone the police," and I said, "Call headquarters. Ask for Lieutenant Max Gold."

Wally Carrington sent Andy and another man to the front door, which was the only exit except for the steps which led from my office to the basement garage. He told them not to let anybody leave—under any circumstances. I knew what he was thinking: that this must have been done by someone at the party.

I heard the wail of a police siren, and just at that moment Iris opened her eyes.

Dr. Beckwith was back beside her now. He said, "Feeling better, Iris?"

"Yes. My head hurts . . ."

Once again a pair of radio cops barged in. They started shoving people out of the room, and one of them stepped behind the desk and saw Margie.

The doctor spoke: "Her name is Margie Brett. She's dead."

The figure in my arms twisted violently. She tried to get up and I had to hold her down. She said, "What did you say?"

The doctor repeated it, never taking his eyes off Iris.

Now there was some more shoving in the hall. I looked up and saw Max Gold, and behind him was Ernie Robinson, the same plain-clothes lad who had been with him before. I was glad to see them both because I figured there must be a tie-up between this and last night.

Nobody was left in the room now but the cops, Wally Carrington, Mrs. Carrington, Iris, myself, and the pitiful little figure in the corner behind the desk.

Lieutenant Gold looked down at the gun. He said, "Anybody touch this?"

Mr. Carrington said, "No."

Gold took out a clean handkerchief, wrapped it round the gun, picked it up gently and placed it on my desk. He looked at Iris and said, "You again?"

She said, "Yes."

Dr. Beckwith said, "She's been hurt."

He pointed to her head. Gold gave the injury a quick, expert inspection. He asked, "Who did it, Miss Randall?"

She shook her head. "I don't know."

Max and his assistant were making a quick preliminary survey of the office. They were still doing it when we had more visitors. The technical boys. Just like last night. Max told them to stay in the hall a while.

Gold was taking over in great shape. Watching him work, you understood how he'd got to be a lieutenant. He looked at me and said, "We're old acquaintances. Maybe you can tell me what happened."

I said, "I don't know anything. We were dancing in the gallery back yonder. One of the models came in screaming. She said that Miss Randall and Margie Brett were lying on the floor of my office, dead. That's all I know."

He said, "Where's the girl who found 'em?"

Mr. Carrington said, "I'll get her." He opened the hall door and called out, "Will one of you bring Kay Gardiner in here?"

We stood round for a few minutes doing nothing. Then the door opened and Kay appeared. She looked terrible. Sonia Carrington put her arms about the girl. Max Gold said, "Steady, Miss Gardiner. I know how you feel, but I've got to ask a few questions."

The girl nodded. Max made his voice as gentle as possible.

"You were the first one to see what had happened, Miss Gardiner?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you see?"

"I saw Miss Randall lying on the floor. Right in the middle of the room. I stepped inside, thinking maybe she was sick or something. Then I saw Margie. I ran out . . ."

"How did you happen to come in?"

"The door was partly open. I was walking back toward the gallery. I saw a leg and a foot. I opened the door a little wider. It was Miss Randall."

"Did you see anybody come out of the room?"

She shook her head.

"The gun was on the floor when you came in?"

"Yes, sir. But I didn't see it until after I saw Margie." Kay was pretty close to the breaking point. "I saw the gun then. That's why I thought . . ."

That was when she broke. Gold said, "Thanks. That's all."

Sonia led Kay Gardiner out of the room. Max Gold turned to Iris. He said, "Who hit you, Miss Randall?"

Her voice was fairly steady. She said, "I don't know."

"What do you mean: You don't know?"

"I came in here—and that was the last I remembered."

"Why did you come in here?"

"To meet Margie. She said she wanted to talk to me."

"And you walked in and found her dead?"

"No . . . no, I didn't."

"What does that mean, Miss Randall?"

"I came in here, but I didn't see Margie. I didn't know she was dead until afterwards . . . until after I recovered consciousness."

"You saw nothing at all?"

"I saw the gun."

"So-o . . ." I didn't like the way Max Gold dwelt on that. "Where was the gun?"

"Lying on the floor. I didn't exactly see it. I kicked it as I entered the room."

"What did you do then?"

"I picked it up."

"I see." Again that emphasis I didn't like. "You picked it up. I suppose that means we mustn't be surprised when we find your finger-prints on it."

There were voices in the hall and the door opened. One of the cops on duty said, "Mrs. Carrington wants to come in, Lieutenant."

Max nodded and Sonia came back. Max started in on Iris again.

"You say you came here to meet Margie Brett, Miss Randall?"

"Yes."

"How was that?"

"She spoke to me earlier in the evening. She said she wanted to talk to me privately. She seemed worried."

"Did she give you any idea of what it was all about?"

"No. She said it was a long story. She said she wanted my advice."

Max didn't seem convinced. He said, "That's an interesting story, Miss Randall. But it's yours."

Sonia Carrington spoke. She said, "I can verify that, Lieutenant."

He looked into the intense, black eyes of the boss' wife. "What is it you can verify, Mrs. Carrington?"

"That Margie did tell Iris she wanted to talk to her. That they arranged to meet in here. I heard part of their conversation. That's the way it was."

"Okay. So that checks." He returned his attention to Iris. "How did you come to pick Drake's office?"

"I felt more at home here," Iris answered. "Mr. Drake and I are old friends."

Gold sat down on the edge of the desk. He looked round the room. I did the same. It was the first chance I had had when my mind wasn't full of other things.

So for the first time I noticed that things weren't as they should be.

Things were shoved out of place on the desk. The two doors of my bookcase were open. The drawer of my little typewriter-table was pulled out about three inches. The corner table wasn't in the place it was supposed to be.

I began to get an idea. I said, "I'd like to talk to you alone for a few minutes, Lieutenant. Just you and me and Miss Randall."

He moved his head. "Okay. Where can we go?"

I suggested that this seemed the best place. He told Robinson to take the others out of the room, but not to let them mix round. They went, and that left the three of us alone.

Max said, "What's on your mind, Drake?"

"This office has been messed up. When I left here this afternoon, it was neat. I always leave it that way. It isn't neat now. My guess is that somebody has been snooping."

"Who?"

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MORE ME

Harum-scarum Tip appears in a new and intriguing role.

"Who are you, anyway?" Acheson demanded, staring at Tip.

"PRIVATE LIVES," said Iris, and immediately took on that Gertrude Lawrence look.

"Nine Till Six," as we're practically all women," I said emphatically.

"Let's do 'The Ghost Train,'" said Johnny, "and I can be train noises off!"

"Why 'Nine Till Six?' I can be a man!" Betty Winters said. "Can't I?" She slicked back her hair and licked a lead pencil hard and made a sort of moustache above her lipstick.

At one time, Betty and Iris had been neck and neck with Johnny as carrot, if you take my meaning. Then Johnny and I had joined forces, purely as business, to marry our respective parents off, and throwing them together had thrown us together, with what you might call unexpected results. Well, certainly neither Johnny nor I had expected it: to find scorning each other turned into love.

We sat in what once had been my schoolroom, the four of us who had been six in the days before the war, when Betty's brother was not in the Merchant Navy, and Iris' cousin commandeered round his home. Only Johnny was left—till they called him up for the R.A.F. So the choice of a play was a quite a sticky affair, and you can understand why we were arguing.

"You girls can thrash it all out!" Johnny said suddenly, and went away.

The next time we met to carry on the same argument, Betty came in a beard, and Johnny wasn't there. So it added up to just me and Iris Greenly.

"'Strange Interlude'!" said Iris, going all highbrow.

So I looked highbrow too and said: "'Love, Sweat, and Dirt.'"

"Er——? I don't think I know——"

Nor did I, and nor did anyone else of course, actually.

But I said: "You don't? Why, Iris, you really should!"

Well, this argument went on with apparent friendliness until, about an hour later, Johnny appeared.

Johnny looked a bit stare-eyed as if he'd been up all night practically (which of course it turned out afterwards he had), and he threw a brand-new manuscript down on the table, and folded his arms, crossed his legs, and said: "There!"

"There" was "The Backwoodsman's Bride," by John D. Elsom.

"You wrote it?" I said.

"Last night!" Johnny replied.

"Just like Noel Coward!" said Iris, breathing heavily.

Johnny looked modest, and managed not to grin.

"It's a one-act play," he said, "which I thought would be better as it's going to be awfully hard for us to rehearse. What I thought was, we'd fill in the rest with a sort of concert. 'Only a Tiny Garden,' you know, and 'Drake's Drum.' Which means that by the time we come on the programme anyone will be pleased, so to speak, to see anything. And also, the cast's so small that three can manage it——"

The cast was: Red Manningham, Ruth Manningham, A Hired Girl.

Iris Greenly read the cast too and sat up and looked at me. We looked at each other and our eyes, as you might say, locked; because to the two of us it was perfectly obvious that if one played the Bride, then one must be A Hired Girl. And the question of which was simply a dagger between us.

"Oh!" said Betty, "can I be Red?"

"Of course not!" said Iris. "That part must go to Johnny."

"Well, d'you know," Johnny said, "it just occurs to me that as I wrote it perhaps I'd better produce it."

"But Johnny," cried Iris, "you simply must be Red!"

I agreed with Iris, but wasn't going to say so. "Maybe Betty could try the Backwoodsman!" I said. I didn't know then, but that, of course, was my undoing.

"Let's read it, and see how it seems to go!" Johnny said.

"I'll be Red!" said Betty.

"Tip," Johnny said, "will you read A Hired Girl?"

Johnny's play seemed to me terrifically dramatic, with Indians firing through it all the time, and the Backwoodsman and his Bride and her baby (so young at the time it could just be a folded shawl) stuck in a log cabin with A Hired Girl helping, and the Mounties riding up as the curtain fell. But reading it in my ex-schoolroom, it was just awful.

By LYN ARNOLD

Well, rehearsals naturally were a bit difficult with Iris and Betty and me working different times and Iris actually used this to say to Johnny: "Johnny, dear—couldn't we just run through my bits to-night?" when she knew that neither Betty nor I could make it.

I couldn't help thinking that Johnny behaved rather queerly. All he said when I talked to him was "yes" and "no" and "Do you think so?"—frightfully politely. Whatever I said didn't have the slightest effect.

When I said: "In that love scene, Iris is dead like mutton," Johnny simply said: "Really, d'you think so, Tip?" And when I said, being frightfully sarcastic: "It'll be all right on the night!" Johnny said: "I expect it will."

So I gave up then, and concentrated on other things.

I put my mind to publicity. I rang up the "Fawley Trumpeter" one day.

"Look, Tip," Mr. Nicholson said, "We're so short of space, and there's not the interest——"

"Not the interest?" I said. "If local boy makes good? Look, Mr. Nicholson, Johnny's joining the Air Force. And if he does, and writes another play, and it gets to the West End, and then gets filmed even, won't you want to say that of course you knew him when—— I mean, you'll look pretty silly if you didn't. Recognise success before it was, I mean."

"Well, send me some dope and I'll see what I can do."

I sent him some dope, and I made it good, hot, and strong, about youth at the helm and the rising generation and team work and all in aid of the Red Cross. I got so involved that I had to cut several rehearsals, Johnny ticked me off, but I said, all innocent-eyed, that they couldn't need me, who was only A Hired Girl, could they? It was Iris and Betty he'd really have to rehearse.

Well, at last Johnny said: "Come along to-night or else, Tip." So I went along and Iris wasn't there and I didn't know why—I certainly hadn't fixed it. We waited and waited but Iris still wasn't there.

At last Johnny said: "Well, you play the Bride for now, Tip."

That was all I wanted. I took a script in my right hand to pretend I didn't know Iris' lines (which I did) and I gathered all my reserves and willed myself to look beautiful.

Well, I says it as shouldn't, but I made hay of Iris. And before I had finished Iris came rushing in, and sat down by the door, quite meekly for her, and watched me, and when I had finished simply nobody spoke.

Then at last Iris said, coming forward and standing sweetly beside Johnny: "It's no good, Johnny. Tip's so frightfully good." Then a lot of guff about the play coming first, of course, and the best man winning and all that sort of tosh, but the upshot was she was ready to swap parts with me. Iris, I ask you!

I ought to have guessed, of course. But the fact was I didn't. I swallowed it hook, line, and sinker.

Well, the next two weeks I never stopped living my part.

At rehearsals, Johnny was sphinx-like—there's no other word for it. Day after day he hardly said a word. Except "fine," "splendid," and "couldn't be bettered."

Well, the night came at last. In the morning (if you get me) I phoned up the "Fawley Trumpeter" and I said: "Look, Mr. Nicholson, this is frightfully important. Who are you going to send us as critic to-night?"

Mr. Nicholson said: "It's absolutely impossible! My staff are simply being worked off their feet."

"But listen!" I said. "Don't you understand—it's important? Don't you remember about Johnny and me? About local boy makes good, and the pilot-playwright?"

"Perhaps you'll provide a dramatic critic yourself?"

"Well, how can I find one in this benighted hole?" I asked.

"As it happens, you'll find one not ten miles away. One of our most renowned dramatic critics. If not the most. Alex Acheson. At the Grand. He's staying there overnight to do the Brains Trust. Perhaps you can persuade him?"

"Perhaps I can!"

"Well, just in case you fail," said Mr. Nicholson, "get the bare facts written down on paper—six lines. And Bill Bailey can pick it up on his way back here. And don't keep him waiting. We go to press at midnight to-night."

So I said that I'd write that myself (not that we'd need it), then at least for once the "Trumpeter" would have the names right, but I mumbled that bit, so he said: "This line's getting shocking!" and cut me off before I could say any more.

So then I rang back and asked to speak to Bill Bailey.

"Why's your boss," I asked, "in such an awful fash?"

Bill Bailey laughed. "Well, Tip, you see it just happens to happen that we're all been trying to interview Acheson, all day. And it's just impossible. Acheson won't see anyone."

"Won't he?" I said. "You wait. I bet he'll see me!"

"You'll know Alex Acheson if you read the 'Messenger,' but as there are quite a lot of people who don't, I should tell you that most people think he's a kind of oracle.

Well, I thought to myself, I'll see that man if it kills me. I'd my two hours off, and that ought to be enough. I kept turning over in my mind when, where, and how.

I thought to myself, I'll have to send in a note because he won't see me out of the blue, naturally. So I wrote the most heartrending letter you've ever seen, and when my two hours off came, I nipped to the Grand and gave a sweet smile to the man behind the desk.

"I want to see Mr. Acheson!"

He looked at me. "You and about half a hundred others."

"Do you think you could manage to take him a letter?"

"If I did, I certainly can't guarantee what he'll do with it."

So I stood there and gathered together my mental forces. If he didn't read my letter I was sunk. I simply had to arouse the old man's interest.

I stood there and thought and thought. And suddenly I had really wonderful inspiration. I took out a piece of paper and a fountain-pen and started all over again. This is what I wrote:

"Dear Mr. Acheson: There is something you ought to know.—Xantippe Rowntree."

Xantippe isn't my name, but Tip being in it, and sounding all mysterious, I thought it would do. I left the note open. The man behind the desk looked at me and said: "Well, miss, I really don't know—" So I started to emote and said please, please couldn't he . . .?

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In Norway it will soon be "OSLO LUNCH" time again . . .

With Norway free, and school bells ringing out again, all the Olafs, Gretels, Johannes and Mittis will thrive again, on their Oslo Lunch. Professor Schiotz, who designed this special health meal of wholemeal bread, cheese, butter, milk and fruit, will have the pleasure of seeing his now world-famous "Oslo Lunch" served regularly again in all Norwegian schools.

He will learn, too, that Australian children have put on weight, gained in height and general health since the Oslo Lunch found its way into our Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne, the Camperdown Children's Playground in Sydney, and numerous other schools within the Commonwealth.

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GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE

Bill's idea of bliss included a home and a girl like Lisa.

By **DOROTHY BLACK**

"WHAT do you think I have found!" cried Mrs. Chester, delighted.

"I don't know," Lisa said listlessly. "A gold mine?"

"No, dear. A sheep's heart!" said Mrs. Chester. "That darling man, William Tuttle, at the butcher's shop, had kept it under the counter for me. What do you think of that!"

Lisa's lip curled slightly. It was pretty dreadful to return, grown up, from America, to find your parents had become not only trivial, but greedy. Her mother had certainly not improved in her absence—or is it, thought Lisa, that at fourteen I did not notice? And then, one had to make allowances. She had been safe in Washington, staying with the Delaneys, while the war in Europe raged.

"Just when I was wondering what on earth to give your father for dinner, this crops up," Mrs. Chester ran on happily. "Thursday is always a dreadful day. The old rations are finished, and the new ones don't come till Saturday."

"I thought father wouldn't eat—"

"I know! I know! He thinks he can't, dear. But he won't recognise it when I have done with it. I shall call it pate," she mused. "That first dinner, before one has any chance to cash in on the seven days' emergency card, no one knows how difficult it is!"

Mrs. Chester pushed her dark hair back from her forehead and turned the pages of the cookery book, murmuring to herself, "Pate, pate." She was a slim woman, to whom time and disaster had done little. She looked, thought Lisa resentfully, quite idiotically young when she pushed her hair back like that. Mothers of grown-up daughters had no business to look young. They ought to settle down and devote their lives to their children.

"Dear Tuttle," mused Mrs. Chester, "I shall knit him something."

"I wouldn't do that, mother," said Lisa unkindly. "Think of that scarf you knitted for father."

Mrs. Chester gurgled with laughter. "Yes! The eternity comforter, he called it. Darling Dickie! He said all that was wrong with it was that I stopped too soon—I ought to have gone on and turned it into a 'blanket. Heigh-ho— knitters are born, and not made."

Forty, to put it kindly, thought Lisa angrily, and there she stands, in slacks, a lot slimmer than I am! Behaving in that girlish dewy manner, just because her husband was coming home on seven days' leave. Lisa knew for a fact that you could not possibly be in love, not really and truly, with anyone over the rank of captain. Whereas Dick Chester was a colonel, and going thin on top.

"Potato balls, nicely browned. And a pie," mused Mrs. Chester. "Thank heaven I didn't dig up the rhubarb when I first came here. I jolly nearly did. I was convinced it was a weed."

Really, thought Lisa, in this house we talk of nothing but food! In the Delaneys' house in Washington they never talked of food at all. There it just was!

Lisa got up and flounced from the room, registering disapproval. Mrs. Chester looked after her, vaguely aware she was registering something or other, but not certain what. Since Lisa got back from America she simply did not understand about food problems. In America they simply don't have food problems as we know them. Mrs. Chester did not in the least mind giving up her own share for her daughter's friends, when they were alone. But when Dick was coming back on leave, that was another matter.

She's been moody, thought Mrs. Chester, ever since Bill came for that week and left Sunday night instead of staying till Monday morning.

Obviously something had gone amiss with the affair of Bill. When he arrived from America and wired he was coming along, Mrs. Chester's heart had stirred with a certain hope. Nothing would have pleased them more. Bill's father was an Englishman, in the embassy in Washington. Bill himself was a pilot officer, full of grace and charm, and possessing private means. Could anything have been more suitable?

I wonder, mused Mrs. Chester, just what went wrong.

All that last afternoon Bill had spent helping her mow the grass, instead of sitting under the copper beech with Lisa, as Lisa obviously expected him to do.

No doubt Lisa would be happier when she was old enough to be called up. It would keep her occupied. At the moment, she just lounged round, doing nothing at all. She was forever saying there was nothing to do. Her mother—who had to queue, and woo the sweep, and jolly the butcher along, and think up ways of cooking offal so that people who thought they could not eat offal did not recognise it and asked for more—knew quite well there was plenty to do. But you didn't want to oppress the young. They had a tough-enough deal as it was, in wartime, thought Mrs. Chester.

Colonel Chester often told her she spoiled her daughter. Now and again Mrs. Chester got a nasty twinge of suspicion that he might be right.

. . . . . .

Dick Chester was a lean, brown man with blue eyes that could twinkle very pleasantly. He had taken off all his military glory and now, wearing an old suit and looking much more like himself, he sat in his own room. And Mrs. Chester sat beside him on the arm of his chair.

"What's wrong with Lisa this time?" asked the colonel lazily. He was well fed—on sheep's heart, though he did not know it — and comforted and at ease, as a man is who, after a long absence, is home once more.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Chester. "She wants to ask more friends in to meals than I can manage to feed. She doesn't understand about rations yet. Or it might be Bill. Bill came down for a week-end, but somehow it wasn't a success. Oh, Dickie, I'm afraid I spoiled her a bit."

She waited hopefully to hear him say, "Not a bit of it. You have always been a wonderful mother." But all he said was, "I'll say you spoiled her! You do everything you can to prevent her learning how difficult things are. You slave round waiting on her."

"The war is so hard on the young, Dickie."

"Aha! It's all fun and games for us old wrecks, isn't it, darling?" He pulled her on to his knee and kissed her fondly. "Well, for the next seven days, the hand that rocked the cradle is going to kick the bucket. You can retire and leave Lisa to me."

The following morning the bombshell exploded.

"What on earth are you doing with that?" Bill asked, staring at the fish.

"Well, my dear, I am taking your mother to town for the week-end," said the colonel, helping himself largely to marmalade. He smiled at his daughter over the coffee cups, but her mother, Lisa noted, avoided meeting her eye.

"And what is happening to me?" asked Lisa, waiting. For surely they would be taking her along too. Dancing—maybe a show——

"You," said her father, "are going to keep house. I have always said a girl ought to know how to keep house."

Lisa gulped. "You mean I am to be here in the house, all alone? But I don't know anything about——"

"That's just what I thought," said her father pleasantly. "You will, by Monday, when we get back. Nothing teaches like experience."

Lisa pushed her chair back angrily. "Of all things!" she said. "Who is going to shop, and queue?"

"You are, pet," said the colonel genially.

"I'll leave you all the addresses written down," said Mrs. Chester quickly. "And there is some—er—cold game pate in the larder for your lunch to-day, darling. And we've told Mrs. Barnes, next door, that you are alone. She'll hear you if you call or knock on the wall."

"How on earth do you suppose I am going to manage?" demanded Lisa, furious.

"You will manage," said her father, a note in his voice she seldom heard, but never cared much about, "just as your mother has to manage. Only less efficiently."

Then he tipped the end of her nose with his finger, in a way that infuriated her even when she was in a good temper, and off they went. Rather obviously holding hands, in the taxi. At forty!

By noon Lisa had decided that of all selfish and heartless people, her two parents topped the list. In some queer way this made her feel a bit better; she could not quite say why. The martyr's robe is always infinitely becoming to youth. And it goaded her, too, in another queer way, to show them. They expected she would make a mess of the whole thing, and die of starvation. Very well. They should see!

Her spirits shrank when she saw the larder. And no rations due till to-morrow. Vaguely she began to understand why her mother hadn't been so keen on having Maybelle in to lunch.

Meantime, she donned an overall and gave the house a cleaning out, noting with some delight that her mother skimped the corners. She lighted no fires that day, so as to have no grates to do in the morning, and went early to bed with a book. The sheep's heart had been better than she expected, and she had rashly finished it, so now there was nothing whatever in the house for to-morrow.

There was nothing for it next morning but to go shopping and join the fish queue. Lisa had always looked down on queuing as a stupid pastime of people who had nothing better to do; but when she saw the length of the queue, she began to wonder if anyone would do it for fun. There was no point in bothering what you looked like, on such a sinister errand so early in the morning, so she dressed in any "old thing."

The grocer presented her with a series of small parcels. Lisa stared in amazement. "Can't you put them into a paper parcel?"

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Continuing . . . More Me

from page 7

HE went to the lift as if a pack of hounds were after him, and he came back in double quick time and he said: "Yes. He wouldn't see anyone else, miss, but you—you did it."

I didn't answer. I just went up in the lift.

Mr. Acheson (in case you have never seen him) is very long and thin and very depressed. He wears a flowing black tie, like at a funeral, and greasy hair is plastered over his head, at the back of which he wears a black sort of sombrero.

There he sat in a swivel chair looking alarmed and furtive.

I looked innocent, as if I might cry any minute.

"Now listen to me, let's get this all clear——" He rose, staring ferociously at my nose and my forehead. "Who are you, anyway? No, don't tell me!" he said. "Maria in 'Twelfth Night' at Everglade Repertory. Of course I know. I never forget a face!"

I shook my head.

"Not?" He came a little closer and stared down at me. "Of course, the French maid in that lamentably unfunny farce——"

I shook my head again.

"Then who on earth are you? I—I—er—I know you, don't I?"

I shook my head for the third time. "No. Not yet."

He clutched at his hat. "I've got it!" he groaned with a resigned intonation. "I should have known! You want to go on the stage!"

'No, I don't."

He stepped back. "Well, that at least is a new one!"

"Why should I?" I asked him, "when I'm already on? That's what I wanted to see you about, Mr. Acheson."

He sighed a deep sigh. "I should have guessed!"

So I took a deep breath and started to tell him everything. About Johnny, the Air Force, new drama, and Johnny's play. I piled it on thick. It seemed to me that I had to, as he only listened to about one word in ten. He was staring into space. So I brought up my big guns about love and separation and the war.

"This young idiot's your boy?"

"Yes, he is, but he's not an idiot. He wrote the play, Mr. Acheson, and it's good. It's deep. It's tragic. It's terribly, terribly moving . . ."

"What exactly has this to do with me?"

"We want you to write the critique for the 'Pawley Trumpeter.'"

He made a noise in his throat. "You," he said, "want me——?" He seemed to be at a loss for words.

So I rushed on: "You could come straight on from your Brains Trust. Johnny's play is something you really oughtn't to miss. The play of a boy who will be called up for air crew. Then later on you could say I told you so, if you'd recognise it as deep, and tragic, and moving . . ."

"If I come, I shall write what I think!" he boomed at me.

"But that's what we want you to write!"

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"Of course!"

"Well, if I come—mind you, it's if——"

"Oh, Mr. Acheson, I don't think it's if. I know it isn't, in fact, because I can see that you're a man of your word . . ."

And that, it seemed to me, was a pretty good exit line. I thanked him with tears in my eyes and bolted downstairs.

On the way back to the hospital (just for interest) I turned up last Sunday's "Messenger" in the library, to remind myself of the sort of things Acheson wrote. "Miss Merrydew's ankles," I read, "are very expressive. Unfortunately, the same thing cannot be said of her face." I could see him, in a sort of unholy glee, writing it. The poor unfortunate author got not a word. But I didn't care. I had planted the author this time.

And then, in a minute it seemed, it was The Night. I'd left the notice for Bill Bailey with the doorman just to be on the safe side.

But of course the "Trumpeter" would use Acheson.

Betty and Iris and I all shared a dressing-room. While we made up, a frightfully dreary concert (just like Johnny had foreseen) was going ahead.

Then it was the interval. Then it would be me.

Well, of course, I know it's frightfully unprofessional, but I peeked through the curtain to see if He had got there. I hadn't told anyone else except the "Trumpeter," as I wanted him to be a smashing surprise. The hall was packed. But Acheson wasn't there.

And it honestly broke my faith in human nature. After all I'd done, and the tears I'd (practically) shed.

But Johnny said, "Hst," and I had to stop philosophy. I rushed to the wings and got ready and Betty said, "When you kiss me, whatever you do don't kiss my beard off," and Johnny started the Indian guns rumbling, and the curtain went up, which meant enter a Hired Girl.

Well, Iris went tripping on like a ballerina. I frowned to myself and I thought, she would pile it on. Thank heaven she isn't playing the Backwoodsman's Bride, anyway. And then I heard the audience start to laugh.

All Iris had to do was pick up my baby and croon a bit, and then put it back in its crib. I waited in the wings and I heard them laughing. I looked out.

Iris was going on (of course in pantomime) as if my baby, which she had picked up, was infectious.

Well, I simply couldn't make either head or tail of it (not the baby), because this wasn't in the script, so I gathered all my reserves and I made my entrance, and I absolutely willed them not to laugh. And the more I willed the more that set them laughing.

I was all at sea. I couldn't understand.

I threw out my chest and my voice and I was dramatic, and simply everything that I did made them laugh. They laughed when I took the shot-gun from over the mantelpiece. They laughed when Betty smoked at her pipe and spat. And when I kissed Betty and half of her beard stuck to me, that fiendish audience out there, they howled.

And Betty and Iris were trying to be funny. But I wouldn't stoop. I meant to save Johnny's play. But the more dramatic I got the more they laughed at me. After a bit they also clapped and cheered.

Well, the curtain came down at last. And then it went up again. And Iris and Betty left me there by myself, and the audience simply rose and called at me, as if I were a kid at a school display.

I thought: Well, at least I'm glad Acheson isn't here. Then I thought as quickly, the "Trumpeter"! Bill Bailey! I'd got to get to the doorman, quick. "Tip Rowntree—so sincere that she is the Backwoodsman's Bride." If they printed that, I should never hear the end of it.

I staggered off the stage and into the wings.

And there I saw Betty's land boy friend dashing up to her, and embracing her very violently, half-beard and all.

But there wasn't time to think about these abstractions. I'd got to stop Bill Bailey, and stop him quick.

"Look," I said to Betty's boy friend. "You've got to help me. Go round to the front (I can't with this make-up on) and find Bill Bailey, and bring him here to me——"

"I saw Bill Bailey dash in. But he dashed out again!" said Betty's boy friend.

So then there was nothing left but Johnny's strong right arm. I walked to the switchboard, and sure enough Johnny was there, but his strong right hand was being used wiping his tears away.

"Tip!" he breathed out. "Darling, you were superb!"

"You planned this!" I gasped. "You knew. It was meant to be funny. You let me make a fool of myself on purpose when you gave me this part. You and Iris did this to me!"

FOR a moment Johnny could only splutter. Then he gasped out: "Iris wouldn't have been half so funny. I thought at the start she would——"

"You—you——" I couldn't think of a word for him.

"The play's the thing—you said so!" Johnny got out. "If you'd known it was meant to be funny, you'd have hammed it——"

"As it was you were simply marvellous, Tip!" said Iris, smiling like a cat who has lolled the baby's food.

I started through my teeth, "You couple of——"

They didn't answer. I turned round. There stood Acheson, his face inscrutable underneath that hat.

"My child—you're Bernhardt!" he said, loudly and clearly.

I didn't think that I could have understood properly. I hadn't.

"You're Bernhardt," he said, "but not in 'The Backwoodsman's Bride.' In 'Acheson's Agony.' In 'The Critic's Folly.' Deep and tragic and moving was, I think, what you said. Well, perhaps you remember what it was that I said this afternoon when you played your little scene? That I—I write what I think! Now, where's the telephone?" He scowled at Johnny, and Johnny led the way. "Get me the Pawley What-is-it!" Johnny did so. "The 'Pawley Trumpeter'?" He gathered himself together. "This is Alex Acheson speaking . . ."

I watched. He spoke with a sort of unholy glee.

Yes, Johnny made the headlines the next morning, and Iris and Betty got a nice polite line. I got a line, too. It read: "Miss Rowntree's ankles are not very expressive. Unfortunately, the same thing cannot be said of her face . . ."

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DAY-INTO-NIGHT DRESSES

. . . soft, feminine, and pretty

● The soft dress to wear from noon to midnight, done in a clear amber-tan color, very new with black accessories. Stitching gives design and character to the neckline, peplum, and the cuffs of the just-below-elbow draped sleeves.

● Another all-day, all-night dress in fine green sheer wool, the sleeves modified leg-of-mutton accented with tucks, the waistline moulded with tucks, extending low on the hips to give new long-torso silhouette that is so smart now.

● A higher, wider sleeve top—vaguely leg-of-mutton for this tomato-red sheer wool crepe jacket. It is worn over a pretty soft white blouse with scalloped front, the fine wool skirt has a black belt to match the two black scroll appliques on the jacket.

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Plans to rebuild "Mother of Parliaments"

CENTRAL HALL, the beautiful churchlike anneze, where callers wait to see their Members of Parliament. Interviewing rooms will be provided in the new House.

"MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS," England's House of Lords and House of Commons, on the bank of the Thames—an early wartime picture with supply barges in the foreground.

New House of Commons will retain its old character

Radioed by Anne Matheson, of our London staff

Oak trees from the Forest of Arden, the beautiful Warwickshire woodlands immortalised by Shakespeare in "As You Like It," will be used in the rebuilding of Britain's House of Commons, bombed four years ago.

Thirty thousand cubic feet of oak will be needed, and a thousand well-grown trees, each between a hundred and two hundred years old, with girths of nine feet, will be felled. It will take at least a year to season the timber properly.

LIBRARIES occupy several lofty rooms in the House. Books in the Lords' Library are dusted once a year and the work takes two months.

THE room from which Britain has been ruled for centuries was destroyed by enemy action on the night of May 10, 1941.

But though the House of Commons was bombed, the living organism of a free people — democratic government—continued to function and flourish in another home, the House of Lords, till May 6 this year, when its leader was able to announce that the forces of aggression in Europe had been conquered.

Then, and only then, could Parliament start rebuilding its home, to shape and fashion again the building that will shape and fashion our lives.

Plans had already been gone into, a Select Committee set up to report on alterations and structure, and an architect entrusted with the task of erecting again a home for the Mother of Parliaments.

But it was felt that not till the war was won finally should work on the new House of Commons be started.

The new House will look practically the same as the original building, whose Gothic grace has been reflected in the waters of the Thames for centuries.

This might not have been possible if the original plans had not been discovered.

When the Prime Minister announced that owing to lack of records it would be impossible to reconstruct the House of Commons as it had been before, an 82-year-old architect began searching long-forgotten papers in his attic.

He found the drawings six months after the bombing of the House among papers that had been stored away for 61 years.

At a cost of £1,250,000 building will shortly commence.

Sir Giles Scott, who did most of the work on the designs of the new House of Commons, estimates the work will take about five years.

Sir Giles, assisted by his brother

"Heady wine"

"PROGRESS is a heady wine," says Beverley Baxter, British M.P. journalist, writing of the new House of Commons.

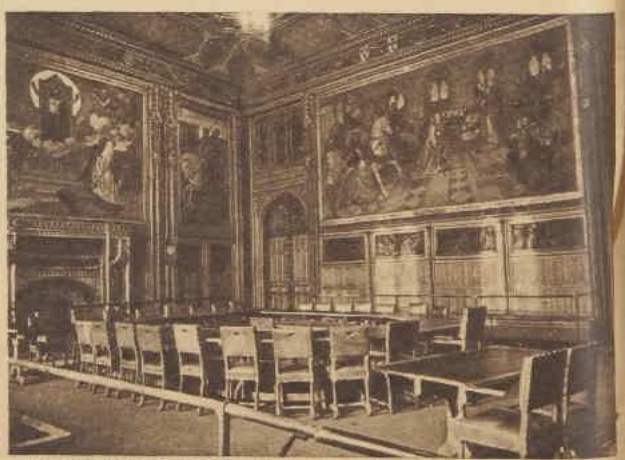
"Thus the Select Committee has also decided to experiment with a weird idea, called air-conditioning—the rumor having reached us that in parts of America this has been tried with success.

"The Englishman does not lightly tamper with the elements, believing that rain, fog, damp, and cold are signs of heavenly grace and responsible for the supremacy of the Briton over lesser nations which have climate, whereas in England we have weather. That is why central heating is still an innovation.

"The committee has decreed that our debating chamber should no longer be subject to the sulky mists that rise from the Thames and seep into our debates and into our very livers."

COMMONS' DESK, seen from the Government bench, with the Speaker's chair in the background.

THE SAME SCENE, after the bombing in 1941, photographed from the other side of the Chamber.



KING'S ROBING ROOM. Since the bombing, the House of Lords assembles in this room, as the Commons meets in the Lords.

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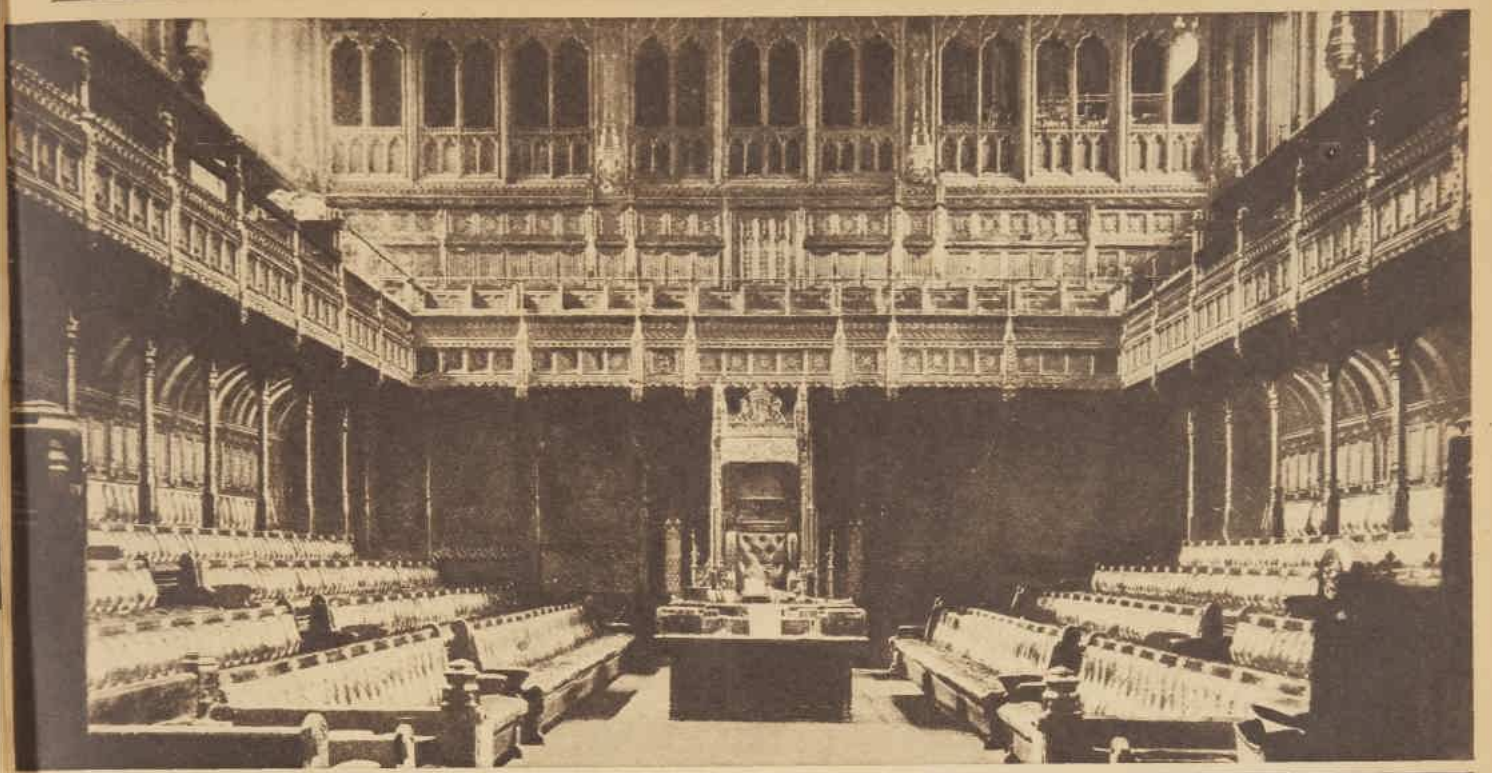


HOUSE OF COMMONS, looking from the cross benches towards the Speaker's chair. Bombs reduced the whole chamber to a heap of rubble.

Adrian, has done a magnificent job on the plans for the new home of the British Parliament, and when the work is finished Britain's Government will be carried on largely in buildings designed by the Scotts, for Sir Giles and Mr. Adrian Scott are grandsons of Sir Gilbert Scott, architect of the Home, War, and Colonial Offices in Whitehall.

There is only one woman on the Select Committee—Miss Eleanor Rathbone—and because of the increasing part women are playing in the government of the country Miss Rathbone's specialised interest in the new plans was building a better and bigger boudoir for women members.

I talked to Sir Giles about the new House of Commons, and he told me: "The sense of intimacy and almost conversational form of debate, encouraged by the dimensions of the old Chamber, will be maintained.

Late Gothic

"THE present intimate and traditional style of discussions is firmly established in the customs and affections of the nation," he said, "and there will be no attempt to alter this.

"At the same time, there will be no attempt to follow the design of old woodwork or stonework, though the same style of architecture will be adopted—late Gothic."

He added: "Modernism looks as if it might develop into such a style, but at present it has no tradition behind it.

"We feel that modern architecture in its present state is quite unsuitable for the House of Commons. The new House will be in sympathy with the rest of the structure, even if it has to differ in some degree to achieve a better quality of design."

All the old ecclesiastical flavor of upsurging Gothic mullions, church-like lighting, decor of heraldic motifs redolent of Royalty, State, and traditions, the shadows and subtle atmosphere of unobtrusiveness, will be preserved as bit by bit, in old oak blended with wood from the Dominions, India, and the Colonies, the House takes shape.

It will be rebuilt on rectangular dimensions, for every member from the Prime Minister down feels that the actual shape and size is of great interest, and no one wants one of the circular assembly chambers favored by many parliaments in other countries.

For Princess Elizabeth a special gallery is to be provided. There was no corresponding place in the old House of Commons, but the idea is that the heir to the Throne should be able, at any time, to listen to debates on constitutional questions.

Her visits would not be in any way ceremonial. She will be able to enter her gallery unseen by members, and when she is in it she will be able to sit out of view if she chooses.

I understand that a special request was made for the gallery by the King. The Princess will enter her gallery by a private door.

There will not be any more cold feet and hot heads in the Commons, a matter of frequent complaint.

Temperature and ventilation are important for a crowded House, which frequently holds all-night sittings. Such concentration on the nation's problems was never envisaged in "the old days."

In King Edward VII's reign, for instance, no members were paid and the House of Commons sat for only about four months in the year and always adjourned for the Derby.

The new House will have a good ventilation system, with refreshing, variable air-currents, going mostly horizontally. A bronze panel warmed to 80 degrees Fahrenheit will be under the carpet to keep feet warm.

The air will be cleaned electrostatically and the most minute dirt particles eliminated. Sir Giles Scott told me the atmosphere would be that of "a warm spring day."

More seats

GOOD acoustics in the new Chamber will be of paramount importance, even if in the last resort more aesthetic considerations have to give way.

As the House of Commons is to be of exactly the same dimensions as the old, it will provide seats for only 437 members of 615, but accommodation for strangers is to be increased from 250 to 326, and for reporters from 93 to 161.

Visitors will be allowed to sit together. Segregation of the sexes is to be abolished under the new plan.

The ladies' gallery, to the grille from which a suffragette chained herself years ago, will disappear altogether.

But in spite of the anxiety to preserve the character and tradition of the old House, the new House will see the last of the Beefeaters and an old custom.

The Beefeaters, who search for a modern Guy Fawkes before the King opens Parliament in State, will have no dungeons to explore beneath the new House.

The ventilating system on a new and different principle will take up the space beneath.

If the Beefeaters have to continue to look for Guy Fawkes, then they will have to do it in the members' interviewing rooms, which are to be constructed beneath the floor of the House.

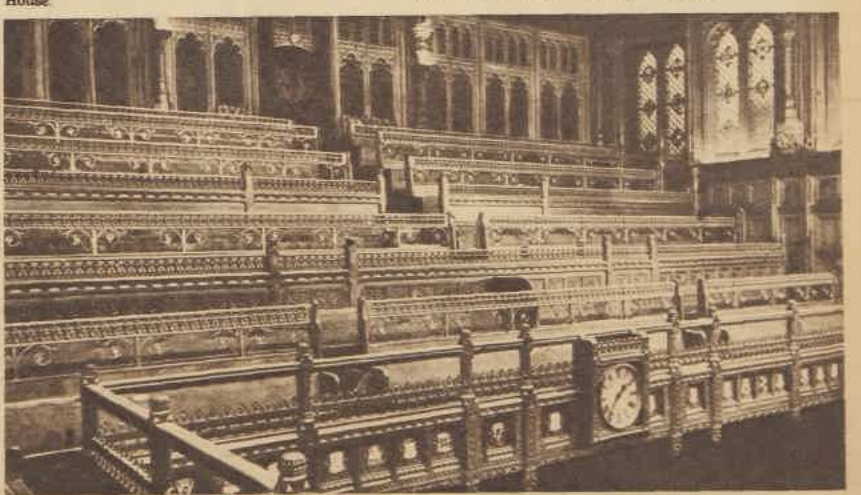
Members' interviewing rooms did not exist in the old House of Commons. Members had to talk to any constituent who called with a plan or a grievance in the lobbies, which, as one writer says, are "about as private as Piccadilly Circus."

Another old custom may survive the rebuilding. This custom began in the days when there were riotors in London's dark, narrow streets, and is still observed.

When the House adjourns the voice of a policeman calls to the House, "Who's for home?"

Any M.P. can demand the escort of a policeman when he leaves the House.

BEEFEATERS, since the days of the Guy Fawkes plot, search the vaults for any plotters before Parliament opens.



STRANGERS' GALLERY, opposite the Speaker's chair and above the cross-benches and the Bar of the House. Gallery was "opened to men and women impartially" in 1918.

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YOU'VE GONE WITHOUT A LITTLE... *but it's meant a lot to them*

One of the richest known sources of vitamin B_1, Marmite has meant a lot to the men on the fighting fronts—far removed from regular supplies of fresh green vegetables. This has meant a shortage on the home-front — but Marmite is now being manufactured in Australia, and from now on increasing supplies of this world-famous vegetable extract should be available. Ultimately, full supplies will be available for all civilian requirements. In the meantime, rationed stocks are being distributed to grocers as equitably as possible and they in turn are doing their best to see that everyone receives their share.

MARMITE *is back!*

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WORTH Reporting

"Of course, we'll need a little time. Remember, it took nature more than forty years to make you like this."

A JEEP with "Marlene" painted beneath the windshield in big white block letters drew up outside Schiaparelli's in the posh Place Vendome.

Out stepped Marlene Dietrich in Army waterproof and light black shoes with very high French heels and leather straps winding round the ankles.

Also painted on the jeep was a leg with the slogan, "A million dollar leg."

Marlene is in France with a United States show unit to entertain the troops.

★ ★ ★

HAS Prices Commissioner Copland ever thought of himself in terms of Chambers Dictionary definition of the word, "copland"—"a piece of ground terminating in a cop or acute angle"?

Long-awaited news

ONE of our readers did a very good deed lately by showing Mr. Edgar Mohl, Czechoslovakian Doctor of Commerce, who came to Australia in 1939, a recent copy of The Australian Women's Weekly containing a cable from Germany by Anne Matheson.

The story mentions "A young Czech doctor, Herbert Mohl," thus giving Mr. Mohl news of his younger brother, for which he has waited a long time.

The brothers last met in 1938 in Prague, where the younger, Herbert, was doing Medicine at the University.

In 1943 the Australian Red Cross forwarded a message to Mr. Mohl, that his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Mohl, were safe in the small town of Terezin, but there was no trace of Herbert, who was thought to have been deported by the Germans to Poland.

Meanwhile, on behalf of Mr. Edgar Mohl, our London office is making exhaustive inquiries for further information.

No flowers

THERE will be no wildflower time in Bourke, N.S.W., this year. The terrible drought has altered all that.

Recent rains have brought up grass all over the countryside, but not the usual marvellous display of wild lilac, daisies, and bluebells.

The sandhills are barren, instead of being ablaze with the brilliant red and black desert pea.

SWEDEN takes the rights of its children seriously. Also its wild strawberries. The right to gather them is, by common consent, reserved for children, and such money as they make on the sale of them must be given them by their parents as their very own, says the law.

—"House and Garden" (U.S.A.)

Cutting a swathe

A JAPANESE prisoner, asked who he thought were the best jungle fighters, replied, "The Australians."

"Who are next, the Americans?"

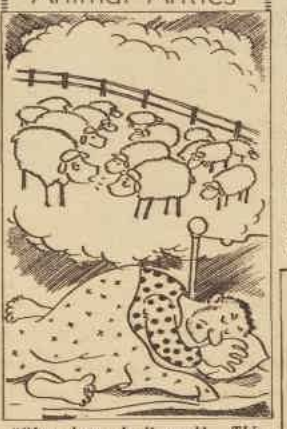
"No, Japanese."

"Well, what about the Americans? Aren't they good jungle fighters?"

"The Americans are no good jungle fighters. They remove the jungle."

—Royal Arch Gunnison in N.A.N.A. despatch.

Animal Antics



"Okay, boys, do it good! This guy's a running coach."

Minimising dangers

ALTHOUGH the gallant Merchant Navy has borne more than its share of suffering, hardship, and loss of life, its sacrifices have helped bring about tremendous improvements.

These are some of the improvements recorded in "Merchantmen at War," issued by the British Department of Information.

On newly built merchant ships, a man gets 32 square feet of sleeping-room against the 12 square feet he had prior to 1937.

For his hours ashore, more than 100 new clubs and canteens have been opened in ports overseas.

Improved lifesaving devices include:

Buoyant waistcoat in place of standard life-jacket, to which is attached small red light on pocket battery.

Crews and passengers are now issued with windproof, waterproof suit weighing 3lb. 6oz. for wear in open boats or rafts.

Every cargo ship must now carry emergency rafts for everyone on board in addition to boats for all. Raft is reversible and as with lifeboat now has electric lights, which light up as raft reaches sea.

As well as an apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea, lifeboats are now fitted with shelter canopies, first-aid outfits, blankets, signalling mirrors, light fabric rain-catchers, and needle and twine.

In fact, as the seamen sometimes say, there's so much stuff in the boats you can't get into 'em yourself.

Algy imbibed

CHIPPENHAM in Wiltshire went gay for the wedding of Miss Lavender Watkins, of the Women's Land Army, daughter of Rear-Admiral Watkins, D.S.O., to Capt. Adam Gordon, who until recently was a prisoner of war.

The bride's parents drove to and from the church in a trap decorated in the bridegroom's regimental colors, landgirls with pitchforks formed a guard of honor, and small boy and girl attendants were dressed as a Norfolk regiment subaltern and a Women's Land Army girl. At the reception, Algy the donkey drank the couple's health in a pint of beer.

Problem baby

GEORGE PATRICK TOLAND created quite a stir because he weighed thirteen and a quarter pounds when he was born, cables our London office.

In normal times this would not cause a sensation, as there have been many babies born in Britain of a greater weight than that.

But while there is rationing the amount of milk consumed by Master Toland is giving the local controller rather a headache. The pint usually provided for infants is found to be quite inadequate, and his mother is demanding more than his eighteenpenny meat ration, as he is already taking meat broth.

Average birth weight for babies in Britain is seven pounds, heaviest on record thirty-three pounds, smallest ten ounces.

TEMPUS FUGIT

WHY is the sunlight dimmed, and why
Should gloom, like dank fog, seep into my brain?
Ox-like digestion—why should I complain?
Many make do with far worse luck than I.
Yet my soul crumples, bitter in defeat,
Morbid my thoughts of death and slow decay;
All turns to ashes. In a tram to-day
A young girl stood and offered me her seat.

—Dorothy Drain.

Queer queries

THE woman who wanted to ring 2GB radio station, but couldn't, as she had no "G" on her telephone dial, is only one of the amazing and amusing inquiries that confront the Australian Broadcasting Commission Information Section.

Another wondered whether the static in his radio could be caused by the hob-nailed boots worn by the man in the flat above.

Where to send waste eggshells was another listener's problem, also how could one distinguish a female tick.

A man who had had a bet with another about "The Drinking Song" from "Il Trovatore" asked the girl in the Information Section to sing it over the telephone, and she did.

A woman who had been doing her own laundry owing to war conditions asked how to fold a shirt.

Finally, there was the woman who rang because she was at home alone and wanted someone to talk to.

The violin has a magic *of its own when played by the master exponents of the concert platform. When peace comes, records will once more bring to the people at large the opportunity to hear the exquisite performances of these artists as often as fancy dictates.*

SOME OF THE FAMOUS VIOLINISTS WHOSE ART IS PRESERVED ON RECORDS:

Heifetz	Milstein
Menuhin	Elman
Kreisler	Zimbalist
Szigeti	Renardy
Huberman	Bustabo

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ENSIGN TIES THE BEST

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Did you 'NUGGET' your shoes this morning?

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'NUGGET' SHOE POLISH

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London's evacuated children are home again

Games, laughter enliven city that lost its youth

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Roofless tenements and suburban bungalows have become halls of happiness since London children returned from their evacuation homes.

In bomb craters and round burnt-out buildings there is childish laughter. There are newly learned games, sunshine and tears, pettings and scoldings—a new throb to the life of London.

THIS city, bereft so long of its kiddies, is hugging them once again to its expansive bosom. It's a good feeling.

It is good to shop in queues lined up with prams and babies, to see the little girl next door who used to skip home from school, now grown to womanhood and walking sedately down the street.

It's good to listen to games of hopscotch played on the shrapnel-pitted pavements, to see the railingless squares filled with kiddies rolling and romping about on the grass.

VE-Day may have meant the first celebration of peace, but it was the return of the children that brought real peace and happiness to London's streets and squares.

It was the sight of inky schoolkids skylarking round tube escalators that brought home just how stern London has been through five and a half long years of war.

"New" family

THIS is London in its first year of peace, with its parks green and fresh and filled with rosy-cheeked children.

The Serpentine is lined with would-be boatmen, the Round Pond filled with small sailing-boats, Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens surrounded with picnicking children.

"Funny how kids make everything seem worthwhile," tired Mrs. Mary Baker said, as she pulled the flannelette pyjamas on her small son's sturdy young body.

It was bedtime in Twickenham and I had popped in to see her and her "new" family.

Mrs. Baker confessed she was pretty war-weary from running her home, doing a war job, and hopping on the Sunday evacuation special to see the children in the country, and she was wondering if she could handle her trio when they came back.

"But the moment we were all together under one roof, I felt I had been given a new lease of life," she said. "Throughout the bombing and long, hard-working years I began to wonder if I'd grown away from my children. I was a little frightened of them when we met only once a month or for a brief holiday.

"Now they are home it has all passed away, as though it had never happened. Every hour of every day I thank God that they were saved, and if some of the hardships come crowding into my mind they vanish like a flash."

The scene is duplicated everywhere.

The threads of family life are now being slowly woven together.

For some the pattern is so totally new that even love cannot bridge the gap that has grown between mothers and their children.

It is not easy for all to readjust themselves to their surroundings. Only time and a good deal of tolerance can do this.

I met a nice old soul whose daughter was evacuated when she was ten years old.

All the mother's earnings—she cleans out an office I go to—have gone in keeping her only child well-dressed and in pocket-money.

For Mary Fuller found friends in fashionable Melton Mowbray and right in the heart of the hunting country she grew from childhood with only an occasional visit from her hard-working mother.

It is a great credit to both that these first days have gone off so smoothly. The return of Mary from Kettleby Hall to the meanness of Peabody Buildings, Victoria, was a transition so quick that the impact jarred both mother and daughter.

Mary, however, in five and a half years of everything a young girl could want has not lost the realism that is so much part of her Cockney make-up.

"I'll go to work soon," she told me. "I've got a wonderful mother and I'm not ashamed she has charred for me all these years.

"I am well educated. I learned to ride, play the piano, and read good books, but fortunately I was with a family who knew my life and theirs must inevitably take different courses.

"So they had me taught shorthand and typing and now, when I get a job, I can take mother away for holidays and she'll have me to care for her in her old age.

"My father died in the fire-fighting service and I owe it to him to see Mummie's looked after."

"Oh, it's good to be back," that's the London cry.

You can feel how good it is as the London bobby shepherds the crocodile of children across the busy thoroughfare.

A few of the children remember him, and his stern face breaks into beaming smiles as he waves them a welcome home.

Billy and Nan Bakewell have chummed up again with the kids across the street. All are a little strange, as the Bolton boys show off with a catapult—they aim at London sparrows. George and Bob Bolton went to Derbyshire, and on the moor grew up as country lads. They both want to be farmers and are restless in their town setting.

Many of the children have brought back their pets. Dogs, rabbits, kittens, birds, caught and tamed are finding new, strange accommodation in the East End slums.

Except that it is home, the cramped tenement would be unbearable after five years of outdoor freedom.

For many of the "under fives" London is a new and bewildering city. For the first time they are seeing trams and buses, hearing the roar of traffic.

But it is home, and though crowded and uncomfortable, it is still home. That is what really matters.

EVACUEES from cities in Southern England grew strong and healthy in the outdoors in the beautiful Lake District.

HOME AGAIN, city children brought life and laughter to streets that have known only soldiers and war machines for five and a half years.

Fala, famous terrier, now father

By GRACE PHELPS of our New York Office

Fala, the Scotch terrier who was the late President Roosevelt's constant companion, is now the father of a family.

Photographers representing the world's Press assembled last week to take pictures of the puppies.

THE appointment was the fulfilment of a promise made by the President just before his death, that the puppies could be photographed when they were a month or two old.

The other day I stood with Miss Margaret Stuckley, President Roosevelt's cousin, who gave him Fala, on the broad lawns of her mother's house, Rhineback, a few miles from Hyde Park, the Roosevelt home.

The puppies romped at our feet, rather carefully chaperoned by Buttons, their mother.

Buttons had no liking for Fala, the reason being unadulterated jealousy.

Feminist at heart, Buttons saw no cause for the fuss made about this occasional gentleman visitor from White House, and said so in no uncertain growls.

It was all very funny to everyone but Buttons, until the decision was made that Fala and Buttons should be joined in canine wedlock.

Then it was found that neither blandishments nor threats of reprisals would budge Buttons from the stand she had taken.

She would not so much as speak to Fala.

But Buttons, though she made her point, lost out in the end. Modern science stepped in.

Without her consent, without even being consulted about it, Buttons became the mother of Fala's children. They are test-tube babies.

A few days after their birth President Roosevelt named them Peggy and Meggy.

New name

THEN the President died, but the Stuckleys kept his promise that Peggy and Meggy might be photographed.

One news-hawk, taking notes on the history of the puppies, expressed surprise at their names.

He was sure Meggy displayed all the traits of a fine virile masculine personality.

The idea was dismissed by everyone else, but, nevertheless, as soon as the photographers departed Meggy and Peggy were hustled to the local vet.

Meggy returned with a new name, MacFala.

Fala is now with some of the Roosevelt children.

He has been called "the dog who owned the President," and was present on so many historic occasions that it seems unlikely he will be left out of the history books.

He is a personality-plus dog, who attended international conferences with the President and greeted official guests. He sends out letters, is president of a club—the Barkers for Britain League—buys war bonds.

The President called his dog over to pose with him when he was photographed aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales, during the Atlantic Charter conference, and the little black shaggy figure was a familiar sight in the Citadel at the Quebec conference.

At the White House, he slept on the carpet in the President's room, and after a pre-breakfast stroll with the valet always had breakfast with his master.

When the President died, Fala was present at the funeral service.

Fala's full name is Murray of Fala Hill, after Murray, the outlaw of Fala Hill, who, a White House spokesman once said, was a remote ancestor of the President. Fala Hill was Murray's ancestral home in Scotland.

RADIO 2GB SPECIALS

SUNDAY 7.13 P.M. "The Man I Might Have Married"

MONDAY 8.30 P.M. TERRY HOWARD with DENIS COLLINSON'S ORCHESTRA "Lasting Loveliness" 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY 12.45 P.M. "JOSEPHINE" Enthralling story of the "Empress of Sorrows" Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 12.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY 8.45 P.M. "Dr. Mac" Lovable personality with a kindly heart. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at 8.45 p.m.

THURSDAY 12 NOON "GREEN MEADOWS" The story of a city schoolteacher's activities in the country. Comedy and drama happily intermingled.

FRIDAY 8 P.M. GRACIE FIELDS in the second Special Edition of "CALLING THE STARS"

SATURDAY 9.30 P.M. "HILL-BILLY ROUND-UP" Songs from the hills and plains.

KEY STATION OF THE MACQUARIE NETWORK

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Editorial

JULY 14, 1945.

DARK HOUR FOR JAPAN

THE time has come for the Japanese war-lords to prepare the last ditch defence of their homeland—less than four years after they decided to turn the United States and Great Britain out of the Pacific.

In their first year of aggression, victory after victory made them over-lords of territories and resources they had long coveted. They spread like an evil tide down toward the Australian mainland.

To-day, though they still hold many of their rich gains, the whole picture is changed.

From the time when the Australians turned them back from Moresby, back over the heartbreaking Owen Stanley Range, the story has been one of steady Allied progress, slow sometimes, but always sure, toward their ultimate defeat.

Japan now is ringed by hostile guns and ships. Islands that were once her outposts for either attack or defence are now landing grounds for the Allied planes that pound her cities and bases for the warships that menace her sea-lanes.

Japanese war-lords who once trumpeted news of the fall of Hongkong and Singapore, the capture of the Dutch East Indies, and the overrunning of Burma, now call on their people to die before yielding.

Knowing how much Japan still holds in the Pacific and appreciating the fanaticism of Japanese suicide resistance, we cannot be optimistic about a speedy knock-out of our last enemy.

But it is satisfying to think that to him has come at last the bitter knowledge of an inevitable doom.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

Why they wanted new ration books

IN the thousands of letters that pour into the Rationing Commission's offices are many applications for replacements of coupon books, or for extra coupons for special needs.

One country woman who applied for a new book told the following story:

She placed her ration book in a basket at the front gate with an order for a bunch of celery, 1lb. of butter, and a loaf of bread.

The order was placed in the basket. A cow wandering by spied the celery, and polished it off with everything in the basket, including the ration book.

A well-dressed matron called in to the Victorian office to say she had her bag stolen when she left the dinner table at a fashionable hotel for a few moments.

"How did you get home, if you had no money?" asked the rationing officer, wishing to check up on her story.

"To tell you the truth, officer, I have no recollection," she answered.

Scheme to encourage tree-planting

HEAVY wartime demands on Australian timber have seriously denuded our hardwood forests.

To assist reafforestation the Forestry Advisory Council of N.S.W. was formed by representatives of scientific, recreational, and educational organisations.

Council officers have asked local government bodies, agricultural associations, schools and public institutions throughout N.S.W. to co-operate in a drive for a "Memory Forest" project to be launched on Arbor Day, July 27.

These bodies are being asked to undertake a mass planting of trees, one for each soldier in the district who served during the war, and a special group planting of 12 trees.

The 12 trees, it is suggested, should be divided into three groups of four.

One group will be named after the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the two Princes.

Another group will commemorate the four war leaders, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-shek.

The third will be named after four leading Australian statesmen, Parkes, Barton, Hughes, and Curtin.

Wider variety of fur garments

FURRIERS say the partial relaxation of the ban on imported furs, with the concession that fur capes can now be made again, will provide a wider variety of fur garments.

About £200,000 worth of skins, including musquash, squirrel, silver and Arctic fox, and a little ermine and mink were "frozen" in 1942, but a good percentage of these skins were subsequently released for renovations.

The balance is now being released for the manufacture of 20 per cent. of the utility garments produced in a war year.

The remaining 80 per cent. of each furrier's output must go to renovation work, and the continued turning out of home-grown rabbit, lamb, fox, and wallaby furs.

Although the return of many ex-servicemen to their old jobs as fur-cutters has eased manufacturers' manpower problems, production is still handicapped by the shortage of female labor to make the garments up.

THE BRIGHTER FUTURE

CHEMISTS have produced a synthetic liquid that tastes, pours, and whips like thick cream, according to a message from our New York office.

The cow contributes nothing to this new "cream," which is entirely vegetable. It whips to three times its original volume and stays fluffy for three hours.

American housewives who have been deprived of real cream since the outbreak of war find this vegetable product a perfect substitute.

Nylon forecast for umbrellas

NYLON, with its close texture and suitability for dyeing in a wide range of colors, is the probable material for postwar umbrellas, according to the manager of a Melbourne firm which has been making umbrellas for 70 years.

Lack of skilled manpower for assembling umbrellas is the chief reason for the shortage in Australia.

Frames and fittings are being made in England.

Before the war shafts were made of English beech and birch. Australian hardwood is now used in the shafts.

Wartime revival of an industry

ONE small Australian industry which has had a temporary wartime revival is that of mining asbestos.

The biggest use for asbestos is in asbestos fibro sheeting for building. Corrugated, it has in war time been substituted a good deal for iron roofing.

It is claimed that it has an advantage over corrugated-iron in that it improves with age and does not rust. Its disadvantage is that it is brittle.

Large quantities are also used for brake linings, and for insulating electric wires.

Housewives know the insulation qualities of the mineral from the asbestos mats which they use on stoves.

Before the war it was cheaper to import asbestos than to produce it here. Most Australian deposits are not very big.

However, since freight costs are so much higher in wartime, it was found worth while to work some deposits, although we still import the greater part of our needs from Canada and Rhodesia. Canada produces 65 per cent. of the world's output.

One deposit is at Grafton, N.S.W., and was worked during the last war. It produces a short-fibred white chrysotile asbestos, used in fibro asbestos sheeting for building.

In the Hamersley Ranges in Western Australia there is a deposit of blue asbestos (crocidolite), a long-fibred type which lends itself to spinning. This is exported overseas, where it brings good prices.

Asbestos of this type can be used for making fireproof clothing.

YOUR COUPONS

● Coupons now available are:—
TEA: 1 to 8 (1 to 4 will expire on August 27); 9 to 12 will become available on July 30.
SUGAR: 1 to 5 (good till October 31).
BUTTER: 4 to 6 (till July 30).
MEAT: 8 to 11 available till July 30 (on July 16, 12 to 14 also become valid till July 29).
CLOTHES: 957-112, Y1-56.

Value of dehydrated vegetables

DEHYDRATED vegetables will find a place in postwar civilian markets, according to a spokesman for the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, Canberra.

They have a higher nutritive value than poorly cooked or stale vegetables, he said. For instance, a cabbage was practically void of vitamin content if kept for four or five days unless in a refrigerator.

Maximum nutritive value is preserved in the dehydration process.

Recently at the C.S.I.R. experiments have been made in a new method of presentation of dehydrated vegetables.

They are pressed into solid cakes and wrapped in cellophane. When they are marketed the housewife will be able to buy, for instance, a cabbage or a carrot "cake," add hot water, and cook.

Few imported pipes, more made here

AGENTS for English pipes report that only very small shipments of briar pipes are reaching Australia, and these are still inferior to the prewar pipe.

In many cases they are made of scraps of wood, one piece for the bowl and another for the stem, instead of the whole being moulded from one piece of wood.

The briar-root tree, long famed as pipe wood, grows along the shores of southern Europe and in Algeria.

The wood, too small for the manufacture of other articles, chars very slowly, hence its great advantage for pipes.

Scarcity of imported pipes has, however, given encouragement to the manufacture of Australian pipes, which are made of such woods as brush box, lustre, satinay, and Tasmanian myrtle.

The chief qualifications of a timber for pipe-making are that it shall not burn easily and that it be interlocked sufficiently in the grain not to split.

Children to learn weaving

TO encourage the use of wool, the Australian Wool Board has decided to provide handlooms at an estimated cost of £2500 to State schools throughout the Commonwealth.

Girls and boys from ages 11 to 15 will use the looms as part of the handicrafts curriculum of the schools.

Members of a special handwork staff will teach weaving. Children will make scarves, belts, ties, rugs.

If the Education Department supplies the wool, articles will be sold for State Schools War Relief Funds.

If children buy wool themselves they may take articles home.

Dancers' substitutes for tights

BALLET-DANCERS, keen to keep up their traditional trim costumes, and save themselves from chills, have ingenious substitutes for their prewar black woollen tights.

One of these is to buy men's underpants, and have them dyed.

Other dancers buy long brown lisle stockings, have the color stripped, and then get them dyed either black or flesh-color.

Some buy ordinary length stockings, unpick the tops, and cut out the feet to give extra length.

These stockings are then attached to briefs.

Many girls knit their own, which is simpler than it sounds, as the legs can be knitted on two needles and joined with a seam.

Silk tights are precious to dancers, who store them in glass jars.

New type of ring evolved

BECAUSE the supply of diamonds and other precious stones grows less and less, jewellers have evolved a new type of ring. It is made from a white gold alloy, and is "gem-cut" or "stone-cut," that is, faceted to give the glitter of diamonds or marcasite.

It is in the style of the "eternity" ring, and is suitable as an engagement or wedding ring.

Stocks of precious stones which were on hand when the ban was placed on their importation have almost vanished.

Interesting People

PHILIPPE

. . . Prince of Greece

SECOND in command of British Pacific Fleet destroyer is 23-year-old Prince Philippe of Greece and Denmark.

second cousin of King of England and cousin of Duchess of Kent. Brought up in England, he joined Royal Navy at 17, and, serving in battleship Valiant, was awarded Greek Military Cross after Battle of Matapan. Also wears British Coronation Medal. Tall and distinguished looking, with golden beard, he is son of Prince Andrew of Greece and English Princess Alice, daughter of Marquis of Milford Haven. Paid brief first visit to Australia with British Fleet in 1940, and has many friends here.

MRS. A. LEE

. . . native plants

ONE of first three women scientists appointed to staff of National Herbarium, New South Wales Department of Agriculture, Sydney, is Mrs. Alma Lee.

Her basic job is identification and classification of plants, including Australian native plants. Her work is of economic value to farmers and others on the land in giving information on which plants are poisonous and which good for stock feed. Is also doing research work on *swainsona*, a genus of native pea plants, and assisting with preparation of new Handbook on Native Plants. She is Master of Science, Sydney University.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week, as a whole, is rather unpredictable, and few are likely to find their fortunes running too easily.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Not a time for impetuosity, especially on July 10, 13, 15, 16, and 17. Difficulties, worries, unwise changes can predominate.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): July 14 helpful (to 10 a.m.), then poor (to 2 p.m.), but thereafter good. July 13 can be very good, as can July 16 (to noon).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): July 11 (morning and evening) helpful. July 12 good (to 4 p.m.), then be wary. July 13, 14 poor; July 16 very good (to 10 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Speed up important matters. July 10 excellent (to 11 a.m. and after 7 p.m.); July 12 good (to 3 p.m.), then poor; July 14 fair (after 3 p.m.); July 16 and 17 tricky.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Modest gains, benefits possible on July 10 (after 7 p.m.); July 11 good (except 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.); and July 12 good (to 3 p.m.), then poor. July 16 (forenoon and dusk), fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite a helpful week. Plan well. July 10 fair (to 11 a.m. and after 7 p.m.); July 12 fair (to 3 p.m.), then poor. July 14 fair (to 10 a.m.), then poor; July 15 very good.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Beware upsets, discord now. Routine advised, especially on July 10, 12 and 16, and sunset of July 17.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Plan for worthwhile progress, changes, and gains on July 10. July 14 fair (to 10 a.m.); July 15 very good; July 16 good (to 10 p.m.); July 17 helpful (to 3 p.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Uneventful days. July 11 good (after dusk); July 12 very good (to 3 p.m.), then adverse; July 13 (evening) fair; July 16 good (to 10 p.m.), then poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Beware pitfalls of all kinds. Opposition is likely. July 10 adverse; July 11 and 12 poor; July 15 fair (to noon), then poor; July 16, 17 difficult.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unspectacular days, yet you must get important affairs finalised now. July 11 and 12 bring loss, upsets; July 16 good (to 10 p.m.); July 17 very fair (to 3 p.m.).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): July 11 (evening) fair; July 12 helpful (to 3 p.m.); July 13, 14, and 15 poor; July 16 (to 10 p.m.), and 17 helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Since You Went Away.** With a dazzling list of box-office appeal stars presented in this film, United Artists might have considered the story of lesser importance. However, it is a warmly human tale of a home run by the wife and two daughters of a soldier serving overseas. Claudette Colbert as the mother, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple as the daughters, all are first-class. For good measure there is Joseph Cotten, Monty Woolley, Robert Walker, and a fat old bulldog who proves a canine scene stealer.—Regent; showing.

★★ **The Woman In the Window.** This RKO drama is one of suspense plus. Top-scorer in acting honors is Edward G. Robinson as the middle-aged Professor whose mild "stepping out" finally forces him to murder. Joan Bennett, as the cause of it all, and Raymond Massey, as Robinson's best friend, fit in the story well.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ **Hangover Square.** Last film made by the late Laird Cregar, this Fox thriller is fine. Cregar is horrifyingly realistic as the musician who, during mental "blackouts," becomes a madman murderer. Co-stars George Sanders as a detective and Linda Darnell as the double-crossing singer both keep pace with the fine standard set by Cregar. — Plaza; showing.

★★ **In Our Time.** Intelligent acting by Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid makes this Warners drama of Polish life worth seeing. Miss Lupino is appealing as the English girl who marries and reforms a Polish aristocrat. Henreid does a good job as the Count.—Century; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key, isle of walking dead (Kordies) by
BARON KORD: Whom Narda agreed to wed if he frees Mandrake.
TRINA: Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake discovers the Baron turns men into Kordies by giving them a liquid he makes. Mandrake and Lothar pretend to be Kordies. The former, at the wedding, magically makes Kord see Narda as a bearded man. The ceremony is postponed.

NOW READ ON:

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SUB-LIEUT. SPENCER BROWN, D.F.C., Melbourne, steps into Seafire for another try at an "addl."

MAP-READING with Ground-Instructor Lieut. C. A. Fraser (right). L. to r.: Lieut "Nat" Gould, Sub-Lieut. L. J. Norton, Lieut. C. H. Gray, and Sub-Lieut. R. L. Davies.

IN WARDROOM, Austra[illegible] beginning of [illegible]

R.A.A.F. veterans train fo[illegible]

Everything is "wizard," "bang-on" and "dinkum" for R.N. instructors and Aussies

By VICKI ANDER[illegible]

At an aerodrome on the East Coast of Australia, 12 young R.A.A.F. veterans are being trained for operational flying with the Fleet Air Arm of the British Pacific Fleet.

Neither the pupils nor their instructors—similar "old men" English fliers in their early twenties—are the slightest bit hampered by the absence of an aircraft carrier on which to practise landings.

FORMER R.A.A.F. SQUADRON-LEADER Lieut. Ian Louden, D.F.C. (left), and Lieut. "Nat" Gould. In past five years both have done operations overseas and in Pacific.

IN fact, after a week of extraordinary "addls" (aerodrome dummy-deck landings) English and Aussie are profoundly grateful that it will be another five weeks before the R.A.A.F. and an aircraft carrier spot one another.

Difference between the addls and the Spitfire and Kittyhawk landings which the Raafers have been doing on their ears for the past five years was vividly described by Lieutenant George Pagan from the cockpit of a Seafire.

"With the Spits and Kittys we just whizzed down on two wheels.

"Now the idea is that we slow down to about 70 m.p.h., pin all our faith, hope, and prayers on the batsman, and at some incredible second—known only to God and the batsman—cut the engine and drop down for a three-point landing."

"You might call them addls," said 22-year-old Sub-Lieutenant Spencer Brown, D.F.C., of Melbourne, to instructor 21-year-old Dickie Reynolds, of Cambridge, "but to me they're just plain 'oddls'—odd addls."

Blond, good-looking Dickie, who has just returned from 16 months operations in the Pacific, during which he shot down three Jap suicide planes, at Okinawa, grinned at his D.F.C. pupil.

"Really, old chap, there's just nothing to addls. After practice you just sense the landing and everything's wizard."

"Yeah, I'll sense it all right—so will the ship and everyone else," said Brownie as he and the rest of the boys climbed into their Seafires for more training.

The planes circled the [illegible] one by one came in for [illegible] with batsman Lieutenant [illegible] son, of Dorset, signalling [illegible] two green bats, and Dickie [illegible] guiding each pupil in [illegible] instructions.

"Nice attitude, 148. [illegible] nose up. Keep that [illegible] slower . . ."

Two landed at the fin[illegible] cross-bat signal from [illegible] for the rest of the boys [illegible] case of being signalled [illegible] try again.

Lieut. George Pag[illegible] bumped in last.

"Wizard show, George [illegible] called one of the [illegible] "You'll have nothing to [illegible] —that is, if you can get [illegible] mander to wait his [illegible] sail the carrier up on [illegible] meet you in mid-air."

In the wardroom after [illegible] ing's flights, with [illegible] pupils relaxing over [illegible] confessed that on the [illegible] first day's training at [illegible] the Raafers "pranged" [illegible] two Seafires.

"We hung abeepishly [illegible]

BATSMAN LIEUT. BILL WILSON signals-in plane for landing, while Lieut. George Pagan and Sub-Lieut. P. Crothers look on.

"KEEP YOUR NOSE UP," signals Bill, who has safely landed 10,000 boys on carriers, as plane approaches nearer for the landing.

"CUT." Crossed bats signal [illegible] drop on [illegible]

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...ar meet New Zealanders from other squadrons of British Fleet Air Arm. Since ...ew Zealanders have formed high percentage of Fleet Air Arm personnel.

...r Fleet Air Arm

POPULAR C.O. OF SQUADRON Lt./Cmdr. G. ("Shorty") Dennison (right) and Sub-Lieuts. Les Norton and Bob Davies watch planes land.

SUB-LIEUT. DICKIE REYNOLDS radioes instructions to pupil in plane, while Sub-Lieut. P. Crothers listens.

side the wardroom, too scared to come in, until our British cobbers came out and practically booted us inside."

It is here in this wardroom that the young Australians and their instructors and other English fliers at the station really get to know and like one another.

The camaraderie, already evident in the exchange of boisterous insults, unconscious adoption of one another's slang, mimicking of accents, springs naturally from a deep mutual admiration.

...ds second when pilot must cut throttle and ...for three-point landing.

For the past four to five years each has been flying aircraft in and out of danger; and strengthening the bond between them now is the knowledge that soon they'll be doing it together.

Easiest way to get personal data on the exploits of these English and Aussie veterans I soon discovered was to pump the English about the Aussies and the Aussies about the English.

Six of the Australians entered the squadron from the same unit—Sub-Lieut. Spencer Brown, Lieuts. Ian Louden, D.F.C., of Port Moresby, Cliff Gray, of Dungog, George Pagan, of Brisbane, A. Gould, of Brisbane, and Sub-Lieut. J. O'Connor, of Melbourne.

Flew Spitfires

PAGAN, Brown, Louden, and another Raafer, Sub-Lieut. Brian Carroll, one of the English boys informed me proudly, were with Bluey Truscott's famous 76 squadron in New Guinea.

"Japs called them the Milne Bay butchers," he said.

"We Pommies aren't any novelty to Louden and Gould," said another English lad.

"Louden flew Spitfires in the United Kingdom, and Gould, who is inevitably known as Nat, was a member of No. 1 Course of Empire Air Training Scheme."

Other fine R.A.A.F. veterans in the school are Sub-Lieuts. P. Crothers, of North Hampton (W.A.), Bob Davies, of Neutral Bay (N.S.W.), Les Norton, Mosman (N.S.W.), C. Bowly (S.A.), and Lieut. Brian Smith (W.A.).

According to New Zealand born instructor Lieut. Keith McLennan, the school is a private reverse lease-lend arrangement between himself and Bob Davies.

"Bob was my instructor at a flying-school in India, and now I'm his instructor."

Although McLennan and fellow instructor Dickie Reynolds had never met until being posted to the squadron, Reynolds and Mac recently figured in the rescue of Dickie's pal, Jimmy Hayes, who is with another squadron on the drome.

Shot down while returning to his carrier, Jimmy was spotted by Reynolds. Reynolds radioed his position back to the Fleet, and the rescue plane which later picked up Jimmy was flown by Mac.

Batsman Lieut. Bill Wilson is regarded with awe and affection by the young trainees.

"We'd be in a heck of a mess doing those addls without him," said Sub-Lieut. P. Crothers; "He's only a little guy, but he's brought in more than 10,000 boys for safe landings on carriers."

Bill, who is engaged to Miss Pauline Brown, whom he met in Dubbo six months ago, has been flying with the British Fleet Air Arm for five years. He was on the carrier Eagle, which was sunk in the Mediterranean in 1941.

C.O. of the squadron, Lieut.-Cmdr. G. ("Shorty") Dennison, hails from Yorkshire, and has been with the Fleet Air Arm since 1940.

SWAPPING AIR-BATTLE YARNS over beers. Sub-Lieut. Spencer Brown (left) with Lieut. Jimmy Hayes and Sub-Lieut. Dickie Reynolds.

Tremendously popular with both Aussies and English, Shorty, according to the boys, is a brilliant musician.

His popularity reaches top peak when, suitably persuaded, he sits at the piano playing classical music for hours on end.

It's as commonplace to hear the Aussies using Royal Navy superlatives "wizard, bang-on, and smashing," as it is to hear an Oxford-accented "you beaut," "a bit of all right," "dinkum," and "blimey."

"Doover" is the pet Australian slang word with the English boys.

"It's a bit strange learning to call kites 'cabs,' going 'ashore' instead of on leave, and calling your room a 'cabin' said Lieut. Spencer Brown, "but it looks like a great life to us."

"Even that last week of your course addling on an actual carrier," grinned instructor Lieut. C. A. Fraser.

"Yeah, and we're not a bit put out over those pictures of spectacular prangs you boys were so thoughtful and sweet enough to show us," Brownie laughed.

"Dinkum," said Fraser.

"Oh, absolutely, bal jove, old chap," said Brownie.

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GRACIE FIELDS broadcasting from the Macquarie auditorium in a special edition of "Calling the Stars." In the background is musical director and conductor Denis Collinson.

Gracie's radio concerts

The next concert given by Gracie Fields over the Macquarie network will be on July 13 and will be broadcast from station 3AW, Melbourne.

This concert will be heard at 8 p.m. through 2GB and other Macquarie network stations.

GRACIE gave her first radio concert in Australia on June 22, from the Macquarie Auditorium, Phillip Street, Sydney. The auditorium was packed to capacity by invalid sailors, soldiers, and airmen, and nursing sisters of the three Forces.

Thousands of letters have been received by Station 2GB asking for tickets for Gracie's shows, but by special request of the artist herself seating accommodation at all of her radio performances is being kept exclusively for members of the services.

This request of Gracie's is typical of this great actress, who is giving the entire proceeds of her Pacific and Australian tour to war charities.

Her tour will include visits to New Zealand, the Solomons, New Guinea, Borneo, and Manila.

Gracie has special plans for spending Christmas in England, but she will let nothing interfere with her entertainment for the boys who are doing the "big job." She will see the tour through even if her personal plans have to be altered.

When Gracie's broadcasts were first planned it was intended that she should appear in "Calling the Stars" exclusively; but as she has engagements on most Tuesday nights while in Australia, it was arranged for her first two broadcasts to be on Fridays. For this purpose special presentations of "Calling the Stars" are being produced.

The date of Gracie's third radio performance will be announced later.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 11: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, July 12 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."
FRIDAY, July 13: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, July 14: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Melody Pursuames."
SUNDAY, July 15 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, July 16: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."
TUESDAY, July 17: "Music from Other Lands."

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

'POLLY'—TOWN, COUNTRY, OR SPORTSWEAR.

This gay little frock, with its smart but dressy air, has been fashioned in a rayon staple spun (like a lightweight smooth woollen) in shades of mid-grey, sweet-rose, valley-green, brick-red, mustard-gold, and sage-blue.

The ideal frock for between seasons wearing, it is made with the popular turn-back tailored collar and revers, soft shoulder yoke, bracelet length loose sleeves, pipped in slim waistline, and a softly flared skirt with large buttoned pockets.

Ready to Wear: 32 to 34in. bust, 35/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 37/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 38/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 42/9 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3472A.—Slim day frock with long waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2591.—New suit with a smart contrasting jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide, with ½yd. of 54in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2595.—Be free and easy in this trim little suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2863.—Look smart in this new spectator sports suit. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide for suit, and 1⅛yds. 36in. wide for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F2585.—A new 9-to-5 frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 611

Dainty Slip and Pantettes

This sweet set is ready to cut out and make up in good quality floral flannelette.

Slip is cut on princess lines with scalloped neckline and armholes. A good hem is allowed on skirt for lengthening. Size (full set) 2 to 4 years, 6/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/6 (4 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 8/4 (5 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.

No. 616—Crisp Set in Organdie. This dainty tea cosy and serviette set is traced clearly on white organdie and is ready to work. Cosy measures 13in. x 10in. and serviette 11in. x 11in. You will have fun embroidering this gay little set in bright colors. Complete two-pieces, 3/9 (no coupons). Postage, 2½d. extra.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State at under:

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Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

● PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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DUTCH PARTY. Colonel Max van Haselen, Mrs. Dick Asjes (wife of C.O. Netherlands Air Force in Canberra), General L. van Oyen greet Mr. John Minter (U.S. Charge d'Affaires) at party given by General van Oyen at Dutch Barracks, Queanbeyan.

On and Off Duty.

ADMIRATION FOR NEW BABY. Madame Robert Chaulet, wife of French Secretary, and her eight-year-old daughter, Marie-Claire, look after new addition to household, Colette, at baptism reception held at French Legation, Canberra. Marie-Claire is godmother.

MEMBER'S DAUGHTER MARRIES. Lieut. Donald Stirling Taylor, R.A.N.V.R., of Adelaide, and his bride, formerly Joan Harrison, eldest daughter of Deputy-Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Eric Harrison. Couple leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with chief bridesmaid, bride's sister Shirley.

THOUGHTS of food seem uppermost in many British minds, according to newsy letter I receive from London. At recent London dress show comments from audience who watched wonderful display were, "My dear, that suit's exactly like strawberries and cream!"

A glorious dinner-gown reminded onlookers of lime jelly, and a delightful sports coat in a new, soft, yellow shade, something between primrose and cream, drew excited comments.

"Just look at that coat. Isn't it positively divine—something like ice-cream," said one debutante in the audience. Her companion replied, "I don't think it's a bit like ice-cream; it reminds me of the delicious breast of chicken served with pineapple we had at Mary Simpson's wedding just before the war."

Fashion show was staged by London manufacturers of wool fabrics, and many wholesale dress-houses combined to produce magnificent collection of all kinds of glamor gowns, hoping to capture fashion markets of world.

• • •

HEAR of humorous incident among regretful farewells to First Naval Member Admiral Sir Guy Royle and Lady Royle when couple come to Sydney. Occasion was reception at Town Hall, Melbourne, when Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Nettlefold has Town Hall transformed into a ship for late afternoon party. "This is the first time I've been allowed on the bridge," said Lady Royle, as she stepped on to the dais resembling a bridge.

Sir Guy convulsed guests when he explained why women were banned from bridge of ships. "What women used to wear round their waists had disturbing effect on magnetic compasses. Metal in their stays affected compasses and set ship off its course. Compass would follow women round the bridge, and officers would follow them, too!

SYDNEY INTEREST. Mrs. Pierre Mann, formerly Mrs. Margaret Collins, wears glorious brown sable cape when she meets her husband, Lieut. Mann, R.A.N.V.R., and Mr. Robert Perse in vestibule at Lennon's Hotel, Brisbane, before dining there.

QUITE a "do," as Gracie Fields would say, when I attend final concert at Town Hall before famous star goes off to Melbourne. Just returned from San Francisco Conference, Deputy Prime Minister Frank Forde and Mrs. Forde make quite an entrance, coming in with party who have dined before the concert at Romano's.

Wonder if Mrs. Forde's blue cocktail toque is an imported model brought back from her travels.

• • •

TURN to have another look when Sandra Baillieu arrives for early dinner at Romano's escorted by Major McNish Porter the other night. What is it about our Melbourne lasses that makes us want to have "another look"—and I'm a Sydney gal myself.

IT happens to everybody. Hear amusing story from British Centre about lads whom they sent off recently for holiday at station home of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown, outside Goulburn. You know, we had pictures and stories of their exploits there in our last week's issue. Well, it appears that the lads suffered in the usual way from too much horseback riding. They returned to duty on board stiff and sore, but that didn't excuse them from duty.

They wondered why their captain was so sympathetic until a few days later one heard the gossip that the Captain himself had had his leave on a station property and was suffering the same way.

Joyce

YOUNGER SET. Members of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children's Younger Set, Betty Girling (left), Alba Callinan, Maxine Goldberg, Constance Llewellyn, Enid Fyson, meet at lunch at Prince's and discuss plans for premiere of dance drama, "O World," by Bodenweiser Ballet, on July 13, and dinner dance at Roosevelt on July 29.

PRETTY DEBUTANTE. Barbara Saxton dances with A/B. Gib Woods, R.A.N., at dance at White City given to raise funds for the Victoria League for their club for British officers, George Street.

LUNCHEON FOR TWO. Newlywed Mrs. Arthur May (right) and Miss Patricia Scott, who was bridesmaid at Mrs. May's wedding to Flight-Lieut. May, R.A.A.F., lunch together at Romano's.

HOME FROM THE WAR. Mrs. Tim Boydell (left) welcomes home her husband, Lieut. Tim Boydell, A.I.F., when he returns to Sydney after four years in German prison camp. Couple lunch at Usher's with repatriated officer, Captain G. Killey, Perth, and Mrs. Killey.

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Movie World

● VERONICA LAKE, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Reynolds as they appear in the bright new Paramount musical, "Bring On the Girls."

● BETTY HUTTON (above) plays the role of night-club queen, Texas Guinan, and stars with Arturo de Cordova in Paramount's technicolor film, "Incendiary Blonde."

● MARTHA O'DRISCOLL, Universal starlet, looks enchanting in period costume. You will see her in "Here Come the Co-Eds."

● HEDY LAMARR and Paul Henreid in a romantic interlude from the Warners production, "The Conspirators"—story of espionage and romance in Lisbon, adapted from Fredric Prakosch's best-selling novel.

● CLARK GABLE (right), now released from the Air Corps, is back at MGM studios, where he is making his first civilian film since 1942. He co-stars with Greer Garson in "Strange Adventure."

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Happy romance of youth

1 **INTO** the peaceful household of the Brown family in England comes stranger Mi Taylor (Mickey Rooney). He is welcomed by Velvet Brown (Elizabeth Taylor), Mrs. Brown (Anne Revere), Donald Brown (Jackie Jenkins), Mr. Brown (Donald Crisp), Malvolia Brown (Juanita Quigley).

2 **VELVET** stops a runaway horse belonging to farmer Ede (Reginald Owen). She refuses to believe it is hard to train, and names it Pie.

3 **WHEN** Pie is raffled by Farmer Ede, Mi gives Velvet a ticket, and she is thrilled to hear that she is the winner on second drawing.

4 **FINDING** that Pie is a wonderful steeplechaser, she dreams of entering him for Grand National race in spite of opposition from Mi.

5 **AFTER** conferring with her husband about the expenses for the Grand National, Mrs. Brown gives Velvet the money from her own savings.

6 **AT COURSE,** Mi and Velvet find their jockey scornful of his chances, so Velvet decides to ride the horse herself, no matter what happens.

IN HATS IT'S *Chic*–

IN UNDIES IT'S *Fit!*

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HANRO *UNDERWEAR*

LOOK FOR THE BRAND

7 **AFTER** she wins the race, Velvet's masquerade is discovered. She is disqualified, but is happy, as she and Pie had their triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

National Velvet

WITH Mickey Rooney and charming Elizabeth Taylor as co-stars, MGM have filmed "National Velvet" from the best-seller by English writer Enid Bagnold.

It tells of a twelve-year-old girl, whose love for a horse brings her fame as the first girl to ride the winner of the Grand National Steeplechase, though disqualification follows. Blue-eyed Elizabeth Taylor begged to be given the coveted part of Velvet Brown and finally convinced producer Pandro Berman that she was the right choice.

She became firm friends with King Charles, the horse on which she learned to jump, and who appears with her as the champion steeplechaser in the film.

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months. MIDENE

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Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 5

"WHOEVER hit Miss Randall. My hunch is that it might be your friend, Claude Williams."

"Could be. But I don't believe it. When a punk like that commits a murder, he lies low. He's scared of being picked up."

I said, "Look: We figured that last night Williams was after a box of cigars Miss Randall brought in from Havana. We didn't know why, and we still don't. What Williams didn't know was that she had brought in two boxes which she thought were duplicates. She gave one of those to me yesterday afternoon. That could have been the box Williams was after. If it was, he could have come after the second box to-night."

Max said, "Did you say anything to him about a second box?"

I blinked. "No. Up to the time he left Miss Randall's apartment last night we didn't know that he had taken the cigars."

"That's what I thought. Presuming Williams went after the cigars in Miss Randall's apartment, he got them, didn't he? He got the only box that was there."

"But if after he got away he found the one he got wasn't the right one . . ."

"I don't see it like that. I'll admit that Williams could have come here to-night, but it's not likely. He wouldn't have taken the chance." Gold lit a cigarette.

"Miss Randall, let's go back over that business about your getting the cigars in the first place. And bring it right up to now."

So Iris gave it to him again, starting with her meeting Benigno in Cuba and ending with Hernandez' visit to her that afternoon.

"I thought I'd better give you the cigars I've got," I finally said to him. "Maybe they mean something and maybe they don't."

"Okay. Let's have 'em."

I walked round to my desk. I tried not to look at Margie. I reached down to the bottom drawer and opened it.

No cigars.

Max Gold was watching me. He said dryly, "Gone, huh?"

"Yes . . . I can't figure it. I put them here myself. Right in this drawer."

Max said, "Maybe it was your boy-friend Hernandez who was here. Maybe Margie walked in on him and got killed for it. Maybe he hit Miss Randall. Maybe he's got the cigars." He turned to Iris and asked where Hernandez lived. She gave him the address.

He went to the door and opened it. He called the others back into the room: Wally and Sonia Carrington, Hal White, Ernie Robinson. He told Ernie to circulate round and ask whether anybody had noticed a tall stranger among those present.

I happened to be watching Iris when I saw her expression change. Her eyes widened. I followed the direction of her gaze. I pointed, and the others looked, too.

The door leading down to the garage was opening. Opening slowly. Then we saw. We saw something that fitted in with things that had been happening.

Framed in the doorway was a man. A small man. He wasn't pretty.

Somebody had knocked him round, and done a thorough job of it.

Wally Carrington moved fast. He took the little man by the arm and led him to a chair. The man dropped into it heavily, as though he'd been thrown there.

Hal White left the room without so much as by-your-leave. I knew that he had gone for Dr. Beckwith. Gold walked over to the man in the chair, made a quick inspection of his head, and looked up at Carrington. He asked, "Who is this?"

Carrington said, "George Lee. He's night man in the garage downstairs."

Hal White came back. Beckwith trailed him. George Lee sat patiently while the doctor did some probing. "He's not badly hurt. But he's got a bad bruise. He either fell or he's been attacked," he said.

Gold looked at George Lee. He said, "Which was it, George?"

Lee blinked watery blue eyes. He said, "Somebody hit me."

"Who?"

"I never seen nobody. I just got hit. When I come to I was lyin' on the floor. I come up here as soon as I could walk straight."

Gold said, "Well—so Miss Randall gets slugged. This gent ditto. Two clean knockouts. Whoever did it was no amateur." He got up and straightened his coat. He said, "Let's get out of here. The boys from downtown are getting impatient, and I've got things to do."

We cleared the office and the regulars trooped in.

Gold assembled everybody in the gallery. It was a scared, sickish crowd. He and Ernie Robinson took down the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of all the guests. He checked with Wally Carrington about knowing them all. Then he told them they could go.

It was cool outside. I helped Iris into a taxi, and went home with her.

I announced that I was going to remain overnight. Iris shook her head. She said, "I won't need you, Jimmy. I've passed the point of being jittery. A taxi trailed us here. And I'm sure you'll find one of our police friends sitting in the hall."

I did a little arguing, but got nowhere. She was taut as a fiddle-string and I knew it, but she wouldn't let me help. I put my hands on her shoulders. I said, "You've been taking it on the chin, honey. I hate it."

"I hate it, too, Jimmy."

My hands slipped down from her shoulders. I bent my head and let my lips find hers.

She didn't resist. Iris was never coquettish with me. I wanted to kiss her, so, okay, I could kiss her.

Her arms went round my neck. She started to cry. It wasn't loud crying, but it turned me inside out.

Please turn to page 29

KNIT WITH SUN-GLO WOOL . . . GUARANTEED NEVER TO SHRINK

IT'S GUARANTEED NEVER TO SHRINK

Sun-glo designers have a happy flair for smart lines and piquant colour contrasts. So Miss Australia will go for Design No. 3007, in white and cherry (see above), in a big way. It's from the new Sun-glo Knitting Book, Series 76, featuring exclusive styles in Maids' hand-knit Jumpers and Cardigans.

Another Sun-glo Book in big demand is Series 75 (Matrons' Book) offering youthful styles for larger figures. Both Books are available at all retailers and newsagents, price 7d. each or 8½d. POSTED.

Sun-glo Shrinkproof Knitting Wools are manufactured in Australia by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills. There's a Sun-glo Knitting Book for every type of hand knitwear.

If unable to obtain the knitting books you require order direct from

Alexandria Spinning Mills Pty. Ltd., 30 Grosvenor St., Sydney.

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What's on your mind?

Instalment plan for travel abroad

MOST of us have promised ourselves a trip abroad some day.

We save desperately for a long time, then invariably spend the money on something else before we have enough.

Wouldn't it be a great help for those wishing to travel, but who are unable to save the necessary money, if the instalment plan was adopted by shipping companies?

By this method passages could be booked for a certain date, and paid off by monthly instalments.

Preparations for the trip could then be made in a leisurely fashion.

£1 to Miss I. Braddock, c/o "Gleasborough," Wellington Pde., East Melbourne.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment at £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Nurseboys

MANY correspondents have suggested that boys should be taught to cook. I endorse this opinion, but would like to add that boys should be shown how to mind their baby brothers and sisters.

It would save mothers much worry and time if boys could bathe younger children, dress them, feed them, and generally look after them.

5/- to Geoffrey Buchanan, Baerami P.O., via Denman, N.S.W.

Happy yesterday

WE hear so much talk of plans for a "new" world.

Might I ask what was wrong with the world of yesterday?

The pre-war world I remember was a happy one. People took time to talk to each other, to get to know their acquaintances better, and to give a helping hand to their neighbors when necessary.

They were free to build their homes when and where they liked, to choose whatever job they wanted, and to change it as often as they desired.

Perhaps their wages were not high, but, then, neither were their taxes.

After the war, let us return to the normal, sane world of yesterday, when men had freedom at least.

5/- to Dulcie M. Crosier, Carmila, N.C. Line, Qld.

Shopping

YES! Shopping is awful, as illustrated in The Australian Women's Weekly (9/6/'45).

As a member of the "human pack-horse" army I fully agree till I remember the people of Europe, then I offer a prayer of thanks that I'm staggering under a load of provisions and not staggering from the weakness of malnutrition, as many of them are doing.

5/- to Mrs. G. Young, 5 Eastern Valley Way, Northbridge, N.S.W.

Outworn theory

WHY is it that people will always typify the average Australian as a slangy ignoramus?

The average Australian is invariably depicted as a person who thinks art is "sissy," who is immensely proud of his swearing vocabulary, and who converses in a "Dad and Dave" language.

Taking into consideration the fact that Australia is only a little over a century old, we have every reason to be proud of her record of culture.

Let us discard this outgrown theory, and be justly proud of our national characteristics.

5/- to Phyllis S. Yeaman, "Inverness," Tyrendarra, via Pt. Parry, Vic.

Hospital nurseries

THE installation of day nurseries at public and maternity hospitals would be ideal for mothers with small children making regular visits to hospitals.

Children cannot always be expected to sit quietly while their mothers wait to see the doctor.

If hospitals had nurseries with attendants, children could be left there while mother is waiting, and even while she sees the doctor.

I am sure mothers would not mind paying a small fee, even, for such a service.

5/- to Mrs. K. Hudson, 9 Gordon St., Petersham, N.S.W.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need FOR FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more — it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

From all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

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Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 28

I STOOD there holding her close and letting her get it all out of her system. When she finally stopped crying, I wished her good-night and left.

Early next morning, the house phone rang. It was Max Gold. He sounded bright and asked whether he could come upstairs for a few minutes. I said he could.

He got there fast. I opened the door and he walked in. There were two other people with him. One was Iris and the other was a man I had never seen before.

Iris was looking better than I could have expected. She turned to the stranger: "This is Jimmy Drake. Jimmy, this is Dan Crowley."

Max Gold said: "Federal Bureau of Investigation."

I took another look. So this was the lad who had planed up from Havana with Iris. This was the P.B.I. boy she had told me about.

Max Gold took over. He said, "What goes on here is strictly among the four of us. I'm laying a lot of cards on the table. What I say mustn't go any farther."

I promised that it wouldn't.

Max said, "I haven't been to bed. Crowley and I have been doing a lot of talking. My boys have been finding out things. Some of what we've uncovered I can tell you. In fact, I've got to."

He passed a pack of cigarettes round. I accepted a smoke and he took one.

Max said, "Item one: We found Miss Randall's finger-prints on the gun that was used to kill Margie. We know it was that gun because our ballistics man checked it. We expected to find those prints. But what surprised us was that there weren't any other prints on it."

I must have looked startled because he talked straight at me. "Keep your shirt on, Drake. It probably doesn't mean a thing. If we're on the right track, last night's fiesta was staged by a smart man. He wouldn't have left finger-prints."

He took another deep drag, and continued: "We haven't found anybody that saw a stranger enter or leave the garage. But that doesn't mean that somebody didn't. We also haven't found any trace of Claude Williams. We did some checking on your friend Pedro Hernandez. He hasn't a shred of an alibi. That's negative, too. Lots of people don't have alibis. So I wouldn't attach too much importance to that angle. Also we got a chance to search his apartment. We didn't find a thing."

I said, "What kind of a thing didn't you find?"

"Nothing that would indicate that he wasn't a wealthy playboy from South America. We did a thorough job. We were interested . . . And that's where I bow out."

He jerked his head toward Dan Crowley. "Your cue, Dan."

Crowley wasn't easy to hear at first, he talked so softly.

"Apparently," he said, "a tough young ex-convict named Claude Williams was hired to steal those cigars from Miss Randall's apartment. Apparently he got the wrong box so he might have gone to the studio last night to get the right one. It's a nice theory, but it doesn't hold. There are several things wrong with it."

I said, "As for instance?"

"In the first place," Crowley said, "if you assume that it was Williams, you've got to try to figure who might have hired him. In this connection I'm sure it will interest you to know that Pedro Hernandez isn't a Bolivian at all. He's a German.

"His real name doesn't matter. What does matter is that we have been interested in him ever since he came to this country a few months after Pearl Harbor. I don't believe that Hernandez knows that he has been under surveillance. It is better that he should never know that the bureau is interested in him. That's clear, isn't it?"

"Yes." I was turning things over in my mind. "But I don't see where it changes the picture of the two murders."

"It does—and for this reason: Major subversive groups in this country are not as stupid as the movies would have us believe. Hernandez is important and brainy. He wouldn't take unnecessary chances. We do not think, therefore, that he would have hired a man like Claude Williams, who is wanted by the police, to do a job for him.

"Besides, Hernandez knew that the cigars were being sent to him. We will presume that they had a peculiar value. He and his associates had planned carefully. They had selected Miss Randall as the unsuspecting messenger.

"Things worked out beautifully. She arrived with the cigars. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that Hernandez would have waited for the next obvious development? That he would have waited for her to deliver them to him as she had promised her Cuban friend to do?"

I nodded. "You mean that Hernandez wouldn't have worried at first, and that there would have been no point to his hiring someone to steal them from her."

"Precisely. It would have been a foolish risk. The obvious conclusion, therefore, is that Williams knew about the cigars and undertook a little hi-jacking job.

"Unfortunately, we don't know whether or not he got the cigars which Hernandez wanted. And we don't know where Williams is. We do know this, though—and it isn't a pleasant thought—Hernandez wanted a certain box of cigars and didn't get them. The ones he got were bought by Miss Randall yesterday morning. It is a fifty-fifty bet that Claude Williams didn't get the right cigars, either.

"Therefore, either man would have plenty of motive for attempting to steal the box of cigars which were in your office, Mr. Drake."

I shook my head. "That doesn't jell, Crowley. Claude Williams didn't know anything about any other box of cigars."

"Right. Unless he had other sources of information."

"Such as what?"

"There's something else we'd like to find out. The important point is that we do not believe at the moment that the two murders were in any way connected, or even that Williams and Pedro Hernandez know each other."

"Then," I said, "since Hernandez knew that there was another box of cigars in my office, and since he has no alibi . . . why wouldn't that point to him?"

Please turn to page 36

ON GIBRALTAR

R.A.A.F. men train for fortress key ceremony

Some of the Australian airmen stationed on Gibraltar were appointed guard to receive the keys of the fortress.

They were so pleased by the honor that they trained hard for the ceremony.

P/O. G. Cowan tells about it in a letter to his mother, Mrs. J. Cowan, 713 Pacific Highway, Gordon, N.S.W.

"ONCE a week for the last 164 years the Governor of Gibraltar has presented, with much pomp and ceremony, the keys of the fortress to the Fortress Guard," he writes.

"The whole business lasts about one hour, and is quite impressive.

"The Army usually carries out the ceremony, but the Governor has decided that the R.A.A.F. should do it before it leaves.

"I am to be Officer of the Guard—probably the only Australian ever to be presented with the keys of the Fortress of Gibraltar.

"I consider it a great honor to be chosen for the job, and it is a ceremony which I am sure I shall never forget.

"I picked my guard yesterday, and to-day we had our first practice. The lads are terribly keen, and we are all working very hard to make it a success. It means two weeks' solid training, but will certainly be worth the effort.

"The Army garrison practises continually for the ceremony, and does an excellent job. But there is no reason why we can't equal their performance. We will at least try."

UP NORTH, on service. Back Row, left to right: Sgt. D. M. Bonney, Ptes. N. Hartmann, M. G. Fitch, and C. J. Coward Front Row, left to right: Ptes. G. Trezies, M. Stewart, and Hugo.

Dvr. K. Jones, in the Solomons, to Miss S. Millard, 9 Dryden St., Campsie, N.S.W.:

"THE Japs here are well dug in, well armed, well clothed, well fed, and well enough to still fill us up with a nice dose of lead if we stick our necks out.

"Recently a Jap was wounded by one of our sergeants, but he closed with him and wrestled for the rifle. Another three or four fellows tackled him and he still fought like a tiger until they bayoneted him four times and finally stabbed him to death.

"It's not all honey and roses for our fellows just to be mopping up!—in country such as this.

"It is the worst parts of New Guinea and the worst swamps and mountains in the whole of it all rolled and packed into an island about an eighth its size."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

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AT CHEMISTS STORES & HAIRDRESSERS

Star of American Society

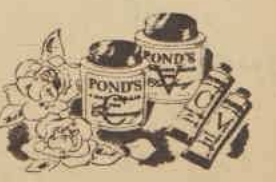
Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her blonde, amber-eyed beauty and charm have made this young Navy wife a favourite in American Society. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. She says: "It's so easy — I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Beautiful women all over the world protect the loveliness of their complexions with Pond's Two Creams — Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing — Pond's Vanishing Cream, the powder base that holds make-up smooth for hours.

Supplies of Pond's Creams

Pond's are happy to let you know that supplies of your favourite Pond's Creams should now be much easier to get . . and they are also available now in convenient handbag size tubes.



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WHERE WOMEN HAVE TREASURED THEIR LOVELINESS Exotiq HAS CAPTURED THEIR HEARTS

1908 Cincinnati

Rivalling the finest from Europe, "Exotiq" Eau de Cologne, America's first production, quickly became America's first favourite. Its birthplace was this lovely garden city, Cincinnati.

1912 Milan

When the smart young Milanese shopped for their toilette in the quaint little shops nestling beneath the sun-splashed façade of the mighty cathedral, they found, and at once adored, "Exotiq." Those dear, romantic days are gone, but the romance of "Exotiq" remains wherever extra chic is valued.

1930 New York

"Exotiq" captured the skyscraper city "overnight" and her fashion-wise sophisticates thrilled to the appeal of every "Exotiq" beauty - accessory. America's swing to "Exotiq" was like a tidal wave!

1910 Paris

Parisiennes . . . fastidious epicures in everything exciting, new and beautiful, have loved "Exotiq" ever since those leisurely days of picture hats and wasp waists. To-day they find in "Exotiq" the youthful zest of a Spring morning gallop in the park.

1924 Geneva

What a stern-looking mediaeval town! Sitting so placidly puritan by the crystal lake under the frowning snow-peaks! But really how modern, too! For Geneva's smart set has chosen "Exotiq" Toilette Items since the first acquaintance 20 years ago!

1945 Australia

"Exotiq" products have been made here since 1939 and in the happier years now dawning you'll see exciting, new advancements in cosmetic art. "Exotiq" will win still greater favour with the freshly lovely Australian women.

1911 Budapest

Sophisticated city of Gipsy music and dark-eyed belles who, like their Parisian rivals in beauty, treasured "Exotiq" when fashion ran to unbelievable hats and hobble skirts. Fashions have changed, but not their preference in cosmetics. To-day it is still "Exotiq."

Exotiq

- EAU DE COLOGNE
- FACE POWDER
- FACE CREAM
- LIPSTICK
- LAVENDER WATER

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BASKETFUL of home-grown native flowers . . . Colorful, decorative. Last long in water.

Plant native shrubs now!

—says OUR HOME GARDENER

THESE hardy natives are unequalled for their gaiety and drought resistance. Nature placed them in an arid country originally and they have since adapted themselves admirably to their surroundings—arid or not.

Western Australia has given us some of the very finest of flowering shrubs, as the gay chorizema, with its orange and red pea-shaped flowers. Geraldton wax to-day shares popularity with brown boronia, purple hovea, sollya, and leschenaultia, which are also Westerners.

Easterners still stick to the N.S.W. waratah, the pink, waxen-flowered eriostemon, red and pink boronias, and the somewhat rare white boronia.

The well-known Christmas bush, ceratopetalum gummiferum, is prime favorite along the N.S.W. coast, and has spread its joy to other States in recent years.

Wattles are justifiably famous for their golden blossom and fragrance, and still lead as the most popular of all native shrubs according to nursery statistics.

Callistemons with their colorful bottle-brush shaped flowers; cassias (famous for their brilliant golden and brown displays which last for months); eugenias (bearing colorful fruit); native daphnes (fragrant evergreens); crotolarias (which bear birdlike flowers); metrosideros (N.Z. Christmas bush or Pohutukawa); prostanthera (purple flower mint-bush); and doryanthes or spear-lily are some of the best for present planting.

YOU'LL LOOK as lovely as this girl on the coldest day if you follow the advice given here by Mary Rose.

WINTER SPARKLE

By MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert.

THERE are many ways of keeping warm, and the worst way is the most obvious — sitting huddled over a fire.

The whole secret is to make your circulation do its job. Do not let it grow lazy or you won't be able to warm up when you go out.

First take exercise, indoors and out. If your circulation is poor, exercise at night or in the morning while you're in undies, in an airy room, so that your limbs are unhampered.

Deep-breathing exercises are specially good for restoring circulation, and you must be sure that the air you breathe is full of reviving oxygen.

Next, take exercise outdoors when you can. The girl who has the radiant skin is one who walks part of the way to work, who buttons her coat snug to the throat, tucks in a scarf so that she can raise her head high as she walks—who takes in good, deep sniffs of the cold air and gets into a rhythmic stride and swings her legs from the hips.

When your feet are very cold dip them first into hot and then into cold water, then hot and then cold again. Rub them dry on a roughish towel and massage with foot powder or foot cream or astringent—you'll soon have them tingling with warmth.

Bed socks are better than staying awake with cold feet, but the more you give in to them the less your feet will try to warm themselves.

Cold hands should be massaged and exercised, never held near a blaze or a radiator. Hold them under a hot and cold tap alternately — or shake them from the wrist and then massage them with astringent or eau-de-Cologne.

Chilblains are largely due to a condition of the blood; sometimes they can be cured by a course of calcium, sometimes a special chilblain ointment will get rid of them. But best of all, try to prevent your hands from getting excessively cold by wearing thin, woollen gloves inside your thick ones, by clapping and shaking your hands to restore circulation, keeping warm at the wrists where skin is tight over the bone.

Treat roughness and chaps on hands and lips before they get so bad that the skin cracks. For rough lips use cream under lipstick.

Rough hands need the double protection of cream or hand preparation rubbed in every morning before you go out as well as every night when you come in; wear gloves to sleep in (and to work in, when you can).

Red veins and red nose make a twin problem. The type of skin that has red or purplish veins is more sensitive to cold than darker, coarser skins, because it's so dry and fine. Try using a very thin layer of cold cream instead of an ordinary powder base under your make-up.

The next best way of keeping warm—after exercise and massage—is by eating wisely. See that your daily meals include cereals, root vegetables, fats, and sweets.

And thirdly, you'll keep warm, of course, by wearing the right clothes. A layer of wool next—or next but one—to the skin is very warming.

Your Doctor needs a holiday, but—

with more than a third of our doctors in the Services, the home-front doctor is now a round-the-clock worker—with little prospect of a holiday.

Because he is so overworked, and every minute of his time is so precious, do not call your doctor out unless the case is vital . . . and then, if possible, try to 'phone early in the day so he may better plan home calls.

Help Your Doctor. Go to his surgery at visiting hours whenever possible.

The *first-aid* use of IODEX relieves pain and inflammation in conditions of:

Stiff and Swollen Joints; Sprains and Bruises; Neuralgia; Chest Congestion; Swollen Glands; Chilblains; Bunions; Synovitis; Neuritis; Lumbago and Skin Disorders

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RECIPE BOOKS for 2 to 5 year-olds . . . FREE

If you have a small son or daughter, these recipes will be invaluable, as will the detailed information upon feeding habits, menus, and the lists of foods suitable for young children. Write to the LIFEGUARD MILK COMPANY, who make the famous LIFEGUARD Sweetened Condensed MILK and CRUSADER Unsweetened Evaporated MILK, for your free copy—send stamped (1½d.) addressed envelope to—

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Lifeguard Milk is still available but Crusader, in common with other evaporated milks, cannot be supplied to the civilian market at present.

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A couple of Charmers . . .

'Viyella' and 'Clydella'

REGD. REGD.

These famous fabrics are still Mother's favourites for her children. Although supplies are restricted, the increased demand for them proves that their well-known qualities remain unchanged.

Unmistakable WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK *Mark of Quality*

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ATTRACTIVE SERVICE can glamorise the simplest dishes. Here vegetables, in a creole sauce, very hot and with a potato border, are served in blue-and-white Chinese cups. Delicious for luncheon or supper.

● Buffet fork service is the easiest way to create a pleasant and informal meal atmosphere . . . it's the surest way for the hostess to enjoy her own party.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT'S almost the only way to entertain when guests outnumber the seats at the dining-room table.

Set up the buffet in dining-room, hall, or verandah . . . let guests sit or stand where they will.

A word to the wise, however: it's not so good for the very young or the old or the tired.

There are certain guests, too, the wise hostess does not entertain this way. They are reserved for the smaller party, the formal best-silver-best-linen party. You know.

For the buffet choose dishes easily manipulated with fork and easily balanced in hand or odd ledge.

Carefully season in cooking and minimise use of table condiments.

Choose dishes that easily keep hot and are easily reheated for late arriving guests (or for the family next day).

The simplest fork meal and often the most luscious is a one-course hot dish, usually casserole type, often preceded by vegetable or fruit-juice cocktails, and followed by whips of hot coffee and cookies.

A more elaborate menu may contain:

Platter of cold savory bits and pieces with colorful garnish.

One or two hot casseroles with or without separate vegetable service.

A gay platter of salad snippets for fork or finger service.

Bread accessories.

Glamor cake, pastry, or cold sweet.

Dish of cookies.

Coffee and tea.

These fork meals can grace any occasion:

Browned Rolled Fillets of Whiting with fluffy cucumber sauce, hot potato and kidney salad with tomato dressing; little apple mince pies.

Macaroni in Mushroom Sauce with green peas and tomato slices; shredded cabbage Mexicana with toasted bacon sandwiches; chocolate cookies and coffee.

Diced Vegetables in Creole Sauce; orange pikelets with honey glaze; cheese savories.

Lamb Croquettes with hot diced pineapple and a puree of potatoes and orange rind; hot tomatoes stuffed with mushroom seasoning; salad snippets; honey custard pie.

Souffle of Broccoli with oyster fritters; casserole of hot liver cakes in tomato and onion sauce; coffee mousse.

Tiny Braised Steak Olives with puree of Jerusalem artichokes; savory fruits with salad greens; apple gingerbread.

Chilled Tomato Juice; Malayan curry with potato dumplings; orange chiffon with vanilla cookies.

Brains Supreme in crisp pastry-cases; celery and cheese snippets; chocolate pear trifle.

Fluffy Cucumber Sauce: Peel a long green cucumber, chop, and heat for 3 minutes in a lidded pan with a little boiling water, salted and flavored with vinegar. Make 1 to 2 cups white sauce; flavor with a little grated lemon rind and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, if available. Whip until velvet smooth and combine with well-drained cucumber. Chopped parsley may be added.

Creole Sauce: Saute 1 tablespoon chopped onion and 2 to 3 tablespoons chopped capsicum in 1 tablespoon fat for 5 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt, stirring until brown. Stir in 1 cup vegetable stock and 1 cup tomato juice. Add 1lb. peeled, chopped mushrooms. Simmer 5 minutes.

Souffle of Broccoli: Wash a bunch of broccoli and cook uncovered in boiling water until barely tender. Salt just before draining. Cut off coarser stems and reserve for soup together with water in which boiled. Rub remainder through coarse sieve. Make about 1½ cups white sauce, flavoring with little onion juice and pinch of allspice. Beat in 2 egg-yolks. Add broccoli and lightly 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with crumbs and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 35 minutes. Serve hot.

Puree of Potatoes with Orange Rind: Mash and whip boiled or steamed potatoes to a cream with a little milk and spot of butter, if available. Season with pepper, a hint of nutmeg, and just the faintest flavor of finely grated cheese. Pile roughly and liberally sprinkle with grated orange rind. Serve very hot.

Puree of Jerusalem Artichoke: Scrub artichokes, cook in lidded pan in boiling salted water. Peel, rub through sieve and whip with a little white sauce and then a few grains of dried herb seasoning. Top with buttered crumbs or chopped parsley. Good base for a souffle. Delicious with any meat or fish.

Potato Dumplings: To 2 cups of sieved potato add 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, pinch of herbs, few drops of onion juice, dash of nutmeg, 1 tablespoon melted shortening, and 2 beaten eggs. Beat well together, shape into balls, using more flour if necessary. Lower into a pan of boiling salted water, cover, and cook 10 minutes. Lift carefully on draining spoon and serve hot, liberally sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Cabbage Mexicana: Shred cabbage finely and cook in small quantity of boiling water in lidded pan until just tender. Drain at once. Combine 3 cups shredded cabbage with 1 tablespoon sauteed onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 or 2 grated apples, 1 cup tomato puree and a little curry powder. Serve piping hot with toasted bacon sandwiches.

Malayan Curry: To 1lb. bladebone steak allow 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups water, 3 teaspoons curry powder, or to taste, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, ½ cup tomato puree, dash of Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup diced celery, ½ cup diced turnip. Brown diced steak, onion, and flour. Stir in water and other ingredients. Simmer gently 1½ hours and serve piping hot with toast fingers and side dishes of apple chutney, plum jam and pickles.

Coffee Mousse: Dissolve 1 tablespoon gelatine in 1 cup strong black coffee. Heat 1 cup milk with 1 cup sugar and beat in 2 egg-yolks, cooking very slowly to thin custard consistency. Add dissolved gelatine and cool. When beginning to set fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites and flavor with almond or vanilla essence. Set in wetted mould. Serve with sugar biscuits.

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OF THE PIES associated with U.S. holidays, one of the most popular is pumpkin (shown above), which is glorified every Thanksgiving Day as the crowning touch to the traditional feast. Recipe below.

A LATTICEWORK of pastry covers the juicy rhubarb filling in this pie. See recipe below.

All-round winners

● Each one of the recipes printed on this page is a certain success . . . a creamy savory pie, a luscious melon jam, a mixed pickle, a currant and orange pudding, a pumpkin and a rhubarb pie from America.

A MELON, sixteen pounds in weight, was bought for testing the melon recipe, which wins a prize.

Eight pounds were turned into thick, syrupy jam, detailed on this page; the rest was tried with orange and grapefruit and with pineapple.

All are delicious, not only with bread or scones, but as topping for steamed or baked pudding.

The mixed pickle is faintly sweet, and has an individual flavor. It is always good to have tucked away in your kitchen files a sound recipe for mixed pickles; this one is recommended.

The cheese and onion pie is a must for one of your meatless menus. Remember the cheese and onion soup—another midwinter favorite?

CHEESE AND ONION PIE

For Pastry: 6oz. flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. fat, ½ teaspoon salt, cold water.

For Filling: 3 medium-sized onions, 2oz. grated cheese, 1½oz. butter or substitute, 1½oz. flour, ¾ cup milk, ¾ cup vegetable liquor.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in fat, and mix to a light dry dough with water. Cut in half and roll out to thin sheets, using half to line a pie-plate or flan-tin, about seven inches in diameter. Cook the onions, and when tender drain, reserving the liquor. Melt butter or substitute, stir in flour, and cook 3 minutes without browning. Stir in the milk and 1 cup onion liquor. Bring to boil, stirring well and beating. When thick, stir in the cheese and cook until melted. Season to taste with pepper, salt, and pinch of nutmeg. Stir in the sliced onions and allow to cool. Pour into the lined pie-plate. Top with remaining pastry, moistening lower edges first. Trim and pinch edges, slitting hole in centre. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 minutes. A little chopped bacon and chopped parsley may be added to the filling. Serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. E. M. Wilton, Rosevale, Bemboka, N.S.W.

MELON JAM

Eight pounds melon, 2 breakfast cups lemon juice, 6lb. sugar, 2 pints water.

Peel melon, remove seeds, and cut into small pieces. Add the lemon juice, and stand overnight. Place in preserving pan, add water, and cook until tender, 1½ to 2 hours. Add the warmed sugar gradually, and cook until it jells when tested on a cold saucer, about ½ to ¾ hour. Bottle while hot, seal, and label.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Mawson, Soho St., Cooma, N.S.W.

CURRANT AND ORANGE PUDDING

Rind and juice 1 orange, 2oz. fine sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 2oz. breadcrumbs, 2oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. currants.

Beat finely grated orange rind with the sugar, and cream with the butter or substitute. Beat in the egg-yolks, and then stir in the breadcrumbs and flour. Add the strained orange juice, mixing lightly but well. Add the currants, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a greased mould, cover, and steam 1½ hours. Serve hot with custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Crittenden, Singlepine, Glencliffe, via Kingaroy, Qld.

MIXED MUSTARD PICKLES

Three young cucumbers, 4lb. green tomatoes, 1 small cauliflower, 2lb. onions, ½ green cabbage, 3 chokoes, 1½ cups salt, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon curry-powder, 1 dessertspoon turmeric, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 cup plain flour, 2 quarts vinegar.

Cut up vegetables, cover with water to which salt has been added, and stand overnight. Bring to the boil, boil 2 or 3 minutes, and strain off brine. Add vinegar, reserving 1 cup. Boil vegetables in vinegar for 10 minutes. Blend all the other ingredients with the remaining vinegar. Stir gradually into the vegetables boiling in the vinegar. Cook for 15 minutes longer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Willgoose, 12 Thompson St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

AMERICAN PIES

(Photographs above and recipes by courtesy U.S. Office of War Information.)

PUMPKIN PIE

(All spoon measurements are level)

Line two 7in. pie-plates with good shortcrust. For the filling combine 1½ cups mashed pumpkin with 2 egg-yolks, 2-3rd cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, rind and juice of 1 lemon. Add ½ teaspoon salt to 2 egg-whites and whip them until they are stiff, and fold into the filling. Pour into the pastry-lined pie-plates. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate (325deg. F.) and cook for additional 30 minutes.

For a heavier filling use only 1 cup of milk. The lemon may be omitted and the filling flavored instead with 2 tablespoons brandy or whisky.

RHUBARB LATTICE PIE

(All spoon measurements are level)

Combine 2-3rds to 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour (or 2 tablespoons flour or 1½ to 2½ teaspoons quick-cooking tapioca), ½ teaspoon salt. Sprinkle these ingredients over 3 cups chopped rhubarb and stir gently until the rhubarb is well coated. If tapioca is used, stand filling for 15 minutes before pouring it on to the crust. Line two 9in. pie-plates with shortcrust pastry. Fill the plate with the fruit and dot with 1 tablespoon butter, and cover with a lattice of pastry strips. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get genuine Ford Pills in the unbreakable tubes; you can get large size tubes only just now for 2/6 EVERYWHERE.

FORD PILLS

Did YOU have EGGS this morning?

While you can't get eggs, other people are sitting down to as many as they want! Fresh, golden-yolked eggs that would make your mouth water . . . fried, poached, or boiled.

How do they do it? They just dip into their supply of the eggs they PRESERVED when eggs were plentiful last September, October, November, and December.

Hens will be busy again this year during those months. There will be plenty of eggs. So DON'T MISS OUT THIS TIME! Get some KE-PEG and make sure of fresh eggs—right through and winter.

KE-PEG takes over where the hen leaves off. It seals each egg and keeps it fresh until you need it. A one-ounce jar of KE-PEG will preserve up to 25 dozen eggs. Costs less than 1d. per dozen. Get KE-PEG at any grocer's or chain store.

KE-PEG this Spring—FRESH EGGS next Winter

WORMS

MENACE CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Don't take chances with your children's health or your own. Tiredness, loss of weight, irritability are symptoms of worms. SAN-O-LAX quickly, safely, surely clears them from the system. It's pleasant to take, too.

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SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.

Occupational therapy taught at Military Hospitals is doing a grand job for disabled men. Here, you will see Vegemite served because it is rich in Vitamin B_1—the GROWTH vitamin. Here, Vegemite helps to lead the injured back to useful civilian life.

Disease is a terrible enemy in operational areas. It attacks wherever there is a Vitamin B_1 deficiency. Vegemite — rich in Vitamin B_1 — helps to counteract skin and diet deficiency diseases . . . keeps fighting men fighting fit.

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"IT does. Indirectly. But the chances are that he himself would not have tried to steal them from your office. He would have sent someone. And we're not interested in arresting Mr. Hernandez; knowing him, we can check his activities. If we arrested him, his work would be taken over by someone we might not know. But we are interested in getting the cigars."

I said I could understand that. It seemed that two criminal outfits wanted those cigars, and one of them had succeeded in getting what it wanted.

"But if our idea is correct, one of those two groups still connects you and Miss Randall with the cigars," Dan said.

"What you're trying to tell me is that perhaps Miss Randall and I haven't heard the last of this?"

"Precisely."

. . . . . .

Nature being what it is, people recover—even from the shock of murders.

Fortunately for almost everybody concerned, the studio was swamped with work starting the day after the barn dance.

Iris was going back on the air in a little more than a week. She did a lot of rehearsing, a lot of shopping on behalf of her depleted wardrobe.

There were a couple of inquests and a heap more questions flung at us by detectives. There was Margie Brett's funeral. We were all pretty sunk by the time it ended.

Iris and I didn't have time to see much of each other, but when we did get together we worked hard at returning to normal.

On Sunday afternoon Iris telephoned to ask whether I'd be interested in a delicatessen supper at her place. I said that nothing could make more of an appeal. She told me that Dan Crowley, her F.B.I. friend, would be there. I asked: "Does he know you're inviting me?" and she said it had been his suggestion.

I showed up at 7.15. Iris and Crowley were stacking olives and

Danger in Paradise

Continued from page 29

tossing a mixed green salad. A table had been set up in the dinette.

I liked Crowley. That's what made me feel discouraged. I could understand any girl going for him.

We had a nice supper. Everything about it was fine. We all cleared off and all pitched in on the dishes. We got everything shipshape before settling down in front of the fireplace with smokes and domestic liqueurs.

It was Crowley who brought up the subject of the two murders. He didn't do it that way exactly, but he did let us understand that he had things to discuss. He said: "I've got permission to tell you a few things that I wasn't at liberty to explain the last time I saw you."

I said that was fine.

"When Hernandez came into the picture," Crowley explained, "I told you that the bureau was interested in him. I didn't say why."

"You said he was a German. There was some talk about his being a member of a subversive group."

Crowley nodded. "It isn't quite so conventional, Drake. So far as we can see Hernandez is in this country for the purpose of contacting, and negotiating with, certain influential Americans who want to be ready to move in the right direction the day we make peace with Germany. They're not guilty of actually trading with the enemy, but they are making arrangements to trade with Germany the minute it ceases to be an enemy. In other words, they are negotiating, and are, therefore, breaking the law which prohibits that.

"I feel sure that those cigars contained messages. Hernandez' actions from the beginning indicate something of the sort. To whom the messages were, or what they were, I don't know, but if we could get hold of them they might tell us a lot."

Iris said: "Williams knew about the cigars."

"Yes. And that's the angle that worries us most. The Hernandez angle we understand, even though we haven't any specific dope on it. It's the Claude Williams thing that's got us bewildered. We can't make him fit. But I feel reasonably certain of this . . . I think someone engaged Williams to steal those cigars in order to get whatever it was they contained. That person must have known all about them. He knew that the cigars had to be stolen away from Hernandez. In other words, the group or person for whom Williams was working sizes up as being antagonistic to Hernandez' group."

I said, "I don't get it. If these were two pro-German gangs . . ."

"I don't get it, either, Drake. But I mean to find out."

Iris said, "What do you want us to do."

"Nothing at the moment—except to understand, and, of course, not to talk. The bureau believes that one of you will eventually hear something from whichever of the two groups has not succeeded in getting the important cigars."

I thanked him for letting me help. He grinned at me and said some nice things. Then he started talking about something else, which was his way of announcing that he'd be just as happy to close the subject. So we closed it.

We sat round talking a while longer, and then got into a three-handed game of gin-rummy. I played my best and came out third. At midnight Crowley hoisted his big body off the chair and said he was going. I said I thought I'd stick round for a while, and Iris didn't protest, which made me feel good.

After Dan had gone, I motioned her to a spot on the couch alongside of me. I said, "First, and most important, I like your boy-friend."

She said, "He's awfully nice, isn't he?"

"Definitely. I'd love to hate him. I'd love to think he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. But the way things are, I couldn't blame any girl named Iris if she fell for him."

She passed that one up, so I went on. I said, "I'll lead with my chin. Have you?"

"Have I what?"

"Tumbled for him?"

"Not the way you mean."

"Okay." I was keeping it light, but that wasn't how I felt. Then suddenly I felt tongue-tied and silly.

I lighted a cigarette and tried to blow smoke rings. No luck. I started talking about Iris' new radio programme. I looked at the clock and saw that it was getting on toward one. I said I'd better be getting out before I was kicked out.

She helped me into my coat. She waited for me to kiss her, but I didn't. I wasn't keen about the sort of kisses she let me have.

I said, "I'll be at the office bright and early to-morrow morning. Begins a new week. Begins a lot of things."

I was just talking along. I was sure the office would be just the same old routine.

But it didn't turn out that way, however. Because when I walked in Monday morning, the first thing I ran into was Gloria Sherman.

To be continued

Advice to Mothers

Keep your children free from constipation this simple way. At bed-time give them Nyal Figsen, the gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly yet thoroughly, without pain or discomfort. Figsen is equally good for young or old. Sold by qualified chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3

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MONEY BACK unless your cough is soothed and cold begins to go from the first dose.

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CREATING A NEW WORLD OF FABRICS

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

Simple High Blood Pressure quickly responds to treatment by medicine. This interesting diagnosis applies to you if you have High Blood Pressure or any of the symptoms which may denote its presence.

Doctor: (Examining Patient): "How long have you been having these throbbing headaches?"

Patient: "Some months now, Doctor. Lately I get very tired, too."

Doctor: "Do you get dizzy turns—feel the blood surge to your head when you stoop down?"

Patient: "Yes. When I stand up after bending down quickly I feel I want to catch hold of something for support."

Doctor: "Do you find it necessary to 'get up' out of bed during the night?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor, that's becoming a habit lately, and, in fact, it worries me frequently during the daytime, too."

Doctor: "Have you had that pain around your heart very long?"

Patient: "Yes. It wasn't very much at first, but now I get palpitation pretty badly at times."

Doctor: "Roll up your sleeve. I'll take your Blood Pressure."

Patient: "But if it had to do with Blood Pressure wouldn't I get some indication of it?"

Doctor: "Seems to me there are plenty of indications which are not obvious to you. Persistent headaches, palpitation, flushes, failing sight and bladder weakness all indicate High Blood Pressure."

Patient: "But, Doctor, just what causes High Blood Pressure?"

Doctor: "High Blood Pressure is caused by toxins (poisons) in your blood stream. When you get run down for any reason, these toxins accumulate in your blood, causing congestion, so High Blood Pressure starts. One thing leads to another: when your Blood Pressure is too high this congestion causes Kidney Trouble and the other symptoms I mentioned. These in turn lead to Rheumatism and similar troubles."

Patient: "Then to be really well you must keep your Blood Pressure at normal?"

Doctor: "Precisely. As the great physician, William Osler, has said, 'A man's life depends on his arteries—on his Blood Pressure.'"

However, don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can now be easily remedied by Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids.

If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store and begin the Menthoid treatment right away. A pure herbal remedy, Menthoids can only do you good. They may be taken with safety by even the most delicate patients.

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THE safe ANTISEPTIC

Importance of pre-natal care

LYNETTE DIANNE, nine - months - old daughter of Lieut. John Walters, A.I.F., and Mrs. Walters, of Canterbury, N.S.W., and below, with her proud mother after winning champion baby prize at Camp-zie baby show.

IF every young mother were to co-operate during the pre-natal period with her doctor and her nearest pre-natal clinic, she would safeguard her own and her baby's health.

Country mothers visiting Sydney, and mothers living where there is no local pre-natal clinic, are invited to avail themselves of our free service to expectant mothers.

Individual interviews are given daily, Monday to Friday, by Sister Mary Jacob, at our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Room 10, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Demonstration classes (special pre-natal exercises, baby's layette, cot-making, bathing, etc.) held every Tuesday and Thursday from 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Classes in physiology, anatomy, and biology for interested wives and mothers, for servicemen and others, every Wednesday from 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Further details may be had from Sister Mary Jacob. Telephone M2406.

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SORE THROAT

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Vaseline
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PETROLEUM JELLY

Craving for alcohol can be beaten

By MEDICO

I KNEW what Mrs. Jones had come about as soon as nurse gave me her name.

I knew that her husband, once a flourishing lawyer, had a craving he couldn't resist. I knew, because I had seen him waiting in the early morning queue at the "home supplies" . . . The bloodshot eyes, the shaking hand, and the furtive glance told a story that needed no detail from his wife.

"Is it possible to cure the craving? Is there anything I can give him that will help him?" she asked.

"There is something you can give him," I assured her. "A deep understanding of his problem and a patience to help him along the hard, long road ahead.

"First of all, you must find out why he started this way: Did he drink to cover up a shyness or a fear that he couldn't stand up to the world? Did he feel that he wasn't needed or that he had failed in something he wanted to do?

"There is always some cause like this, and until it is brought into the light of discussion there'll be no progress. The worst thing you can do is to criticise, condemn, or plead. That only increases his sense of failure, which will drive him again to his means of escape."

"But he finds it so hard to resist the craving," said Mrs. Jones.

"Hard," I said. "It's hell, make no mistake. Every nerve in the alcoholic's body cries out for one thing, and one thing only. Just as some people get hives because they're sensitive to strawberries, so an alcoholic gets a craving once he tastes it again. Do you know anyone who has overcome the craving?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jones, after some hesitation, "I have an uncle who was even worse than my Jim, but who fought and won."

"Thank heaven for that," I exclaimed. "Get those two acquainted as soon as possible, and urge your uncle to tell your husband about his victory. Nothing gives an alcoholic greater strength than to meet a man who has fought and won.

"Let your husband see that you are depending on him. Think up new interests, new social contacts, or new hobbies for him. The will to cure must come from within him, but you can help him tremendously by understanding and sympathy. Alcoholism is a medical problem, and it cannot be cured by force."

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs. Jones, as she gathered her bag and gloves, "you've given me a definite plan to work on. I'd like to bring my husband to see you."

"By all means," I replied. "But he must come by his own wish."

She left, and nurse came in.

"How do people come to get as far under as Mr. Jones?" she asked.

"By not realising that alcohol is like fire," I replied. "It can be a good servant, but it's a terrible master. It's not what we drink but why we drink. If we drink to cover up a psychological weakness we're heading for disaster. If it overcomes our sense of failure it becomes a subtle quicksand that will drag us down to the depths of the damned."

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CHELSEA
CANNED MEAT DISHES
IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORGON'S

from filmland

She is known as "the Shape with a Voice" this blonde, slim, lithesome Warner Bros. Star with a deep husky voice.

We speak of Lauren Bacall pictured above.

Like Creme Charmosan she became famous overnight. Yes, Creme Charmosan contains those wonderful things that world-famous skin specialists use—to youthify to beautify.

Creme Charmosan does certain LOVELY things to your skin. No wonder women rave about it. Forget your years. Forget the signs of age in your skin. Be calm. Be happy. Pin your faith to Creme Charmosan.

One day in New York a Warner Bros. film director noticed the cover on a well-known fashion magazine. The picture was that of a young girl. None other than Lauren Bacall (she is only twenty now).

He immediately signed her up to appear in "To Have and Have Not."

And so a Star was born, for her performance was sensational.

Creme Charmosan is greaseless. The Star's powder base.

Big jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-.

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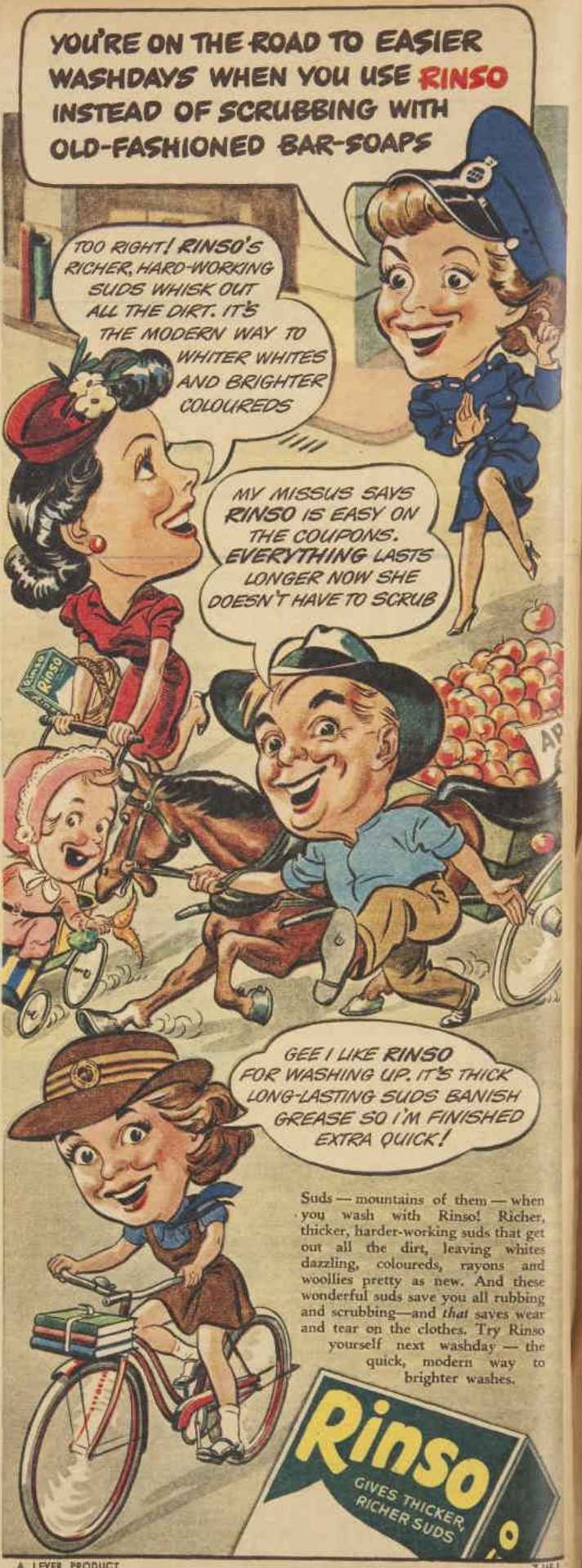
Even beauty doesn't win romance—if you're guilty of "B.O."! *And the tragedy of it is that you may have it and never know.* Isn't it wiser, therefore, to take a morning Lifebuoy shower and be sure of day-long protection? Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient safeguards personal freshness . . . and that same health ingredient makes Lifebuoy extra mild. No ordinary toilet soap will do the job that Lifebuoy does—you *must* use Lifebuoy.

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT W.138.1



Suds — mountains of them — when you wash with Rinso! Richer, thicker, harder-working suds that get out all the dirt, leaving whites dazzling, coloureds, rayons and woollies pretty as new. And these wonderful suds save you all rubbing and scrubbing—and *that* saves wear and tear on the clothes. Try Rinso yourself next washday — the quick, modern way to brighter washes.

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Unsuspected MALNUTRITION

There was laughter at a public dinner last night when a politician, speaking on the Dangers of Malnutrition, was told by a dietitian that he showed signs of Malnutrition himself.

But the laughter became a trifle nervous when the dietitian added that the rest of us were probably in the same condition!

"Malnutrition," he declared, "is *increasing*. Few of us are totally free from 'nerves,' digestive troubles, constipation, debility and other 'ills of civilisation.' Yet in most cases these ills are symptoms of Vitamin B deficiency."

"It isn't that we eat too little. It's because the Vitamin B is removed from our food by modern methods of 'refining.' And yet on Vitamin B the health of our nervous and digestive systems depends."

"But how," somebody asked, "can the ordinary person make good this alarming shortage of Vitamin B?"

"Well," he replied, "simply add a tablespoonful of Bemax to your porridge or breakfast cereal. Bemax is a Vitamin tonic food so rich in Vitamin B1 that a daily tablespoonful makes up the regular quota one needs."

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In Middle-Age Kidneys Often Need This Help

Many people going into middle-age note a slowing down of the healthy kidney action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if backache is a constant worry to you, Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief, and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today. They are a special treatment for the kidneys, and will give quick and lasting benefit. Old and young alike can take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS with perfect safety.***

Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrasy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 36 years. Harmless, can be given Secretly or taken Voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course

Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
207 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Grounds For Marriage

Continued from page 9

"OH dear, no, miss. No paper parcels allowed nowadays," said the grocer genially. "Haven't you brought your basket?"

Lisa had not brought her basket.

"Tut-tut," said the grocer. "Wherever can you have been?"

"I have been in Washington," said Lisa coldly, "and only got back a little while ago."

"Ah," said the grocer. "That's it, is it? I always thought they didn't realise, over there."

She took the silk scarf off her hair, and knotting the rations in it like a laborer's dinner, she joined the fish queue. It had shrunk a little, and the fishman winked at her kindly.

"I've got something for you. Your mother asked me to keep it for her."

He disappeared behind his wooden screen, and returned presently carrying by the tail something that looked to Lisa like a whale in youth.

"Mrs. Chester told me the colonel was coming home, so I said I'd save her something special, and there you are. Rock salmon. Haven't you brought a basket? Tut-tut. Then you'll just have to catch ahold of it by the tail, miss. It won't slip if you grasp it firm."

Lisa stared at the thing with horror. It was clammy and cold to the touch. She went out into the street. A gust of wind blew her hair wildly about her face. So, partially blinded with hair and angry tears, the cold fish slapping against her legs, she ran into Bill. Bill, of all people, whom she had thought miles away in London.

"Lisa!" said Bill, apparently quite pleased. "What on earth are you doing with—that!"

"Oh, just taking it for a walk," said Lisa angrily. "Look out — It's trying to escape."

And then they were both laughing, and grappling with the fish.

"Let me carry it back for you. I'm stationed down here at the airfield for the next three days. I was coming to call on you."

"I'm all alone in the house," Lisa warned him. "Mother and father have gone to London for the week-end, leaving me."

She waited for expressions of sympathy that did not come. There was more of admiration in Bill's voice when he said, "You mean you're keeping house?"

"Well, it hasn't got away yet," said Lisa dryly.

"Lisa, I didn't know you could do all that sort of thing. I didn't know you could cook."

I don't know myself yet if I can, thought Lisa apprehensively, but she said nothing about that. She opened the front door, glad she had left the house so spick-and-span.

Bill followed her into the kitchen and watched her goad the rock salmon on to a dish. "I say, isn't this fun?" he said. "I suppose I can stay to lunch?"

"Oh, rather—if you like to take the risk."

"I'll cut that fish into steaks, and we'll grill them," said Bill. "The way we do at home. I know quite a lot about cooking."

Saturday passed like a dream, and Sunday. After Sunday lunch Lisa looked a little apprehensively at the joint. It hadn't been much to start with, but it was less now. She began to understand her mother's lack of enthusiasm about unexpected guests, and she grinned to herself. Bill was different. Bill liked her, after all. Whatever it was that had been wrong between them that other week-end, it was all right now.

She made coffee after Sunday lunch. The apple blossoms were out. They fell all round them as they sipped their coffee. Like confetti.

"This is my idea of bliss," said Bill. "A little house and a garden, and apple blossoms falling into my coffee."

How silly I was that other time, thought Lisa. She had tried so hard to impress Bill.

"Oh, Bill," she said impulsively, "what was wrong that other time? You hardly spoke to me, and you flirted with mother."

He looked at her whimsically, raising one dark eyebrow. "I didn't flirt with her," he said, "though I think your mother is a grand girl. I just helped her mow the lawn. It seemed to me she had a lot on hand, and you didn't exert yourself much to help her."

She laughed. She was so happy now, she could laugh. She said, "Oh, Bill, you don't understand, darling. I was trying to be a real lady. The kind I thought you'd like."

He laughed. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "When I came down here I meant to ask you to marry me. From the first time I met you I said to myself, 'That's my girl.' But seeing you here at home, I suddenly got cautious."

"Cautious?"

He was silent a minute, trying to find the words. "You were so scornful, darling, about your father and mother. And do you know what I thought? 'One day,' I said to myself, 'Lisa and I will be where her parents are now, with a packet of spoiled kids snubbing us,' and I sort of got pulled up, like a train does when it goes slap into the buffers."

Lisa said nothing at all. She wanted to cry. Funny that it had never occurred to her to look at it that way.

"I began to wonder if it was worth the risk," said Bill. "Seeing you just sitting round, while everyone else did the work. I thought you were just a spoiled kid. And then I came along this time, and found you managing all alone, and I knew I'd got you all wrong."

Oh Bill, she thought, you hadn't. But I'm going to be different. I'm going to work hard and learn.

"I love you," Bill said, and he kissed her. "This is the way I want life to be. You and me, and a little house and a garden. And in time, there we'll be, sweet. A couple of middle-aged parents, Darby and Joan, who used to be Jack and Jill! Life isn't only to-day."

The moment Mrs. Chester saw her daughter, her woman's intuition told her something had happened, and her spirits rose. She had had a lovely week-end, but it had been a bit of a struggle at times to keep her mind off a picture of endless dirty dishes piling up in a sink. But the house was immaculate. Dickie was quite right—was he not always right? These children could, if they had to.

"I had a wonderful time," said Lisa.

"So did we," Mrs. Chester's eyes met and held her husband's eyes for a moment, and they both smiled.

You could be in love even if you were over forty, Lisa realised. But now the thought held charm for her.

"I ordered a rock salmon," said Mrs. Chester. "Did it come?"

"It did, mother," said Lisa faintly. "But——"

"I'll change and be right down. I learned the loveliest way to do it," said Mrs. Chester.

"But Lisa, darling, I ordered a whole fish. Is this all?" Mrs. Chester regarded the weeniest piece of tail.

"Bill came, mother. He came on Saturday, Sunday, and to-day. Oh, mother, I'm sorry about the fish, but I'm frightfully happy."

"You mean——" said Mrs. Chester, understanding dawning. The fish tail slid unnoticed to the floor as she embraced her child. "Oh, darling, I couldn't be more glad. Of course, I had hoped—but then, somehow, it didn't seem——"

"No, I know. It was all my fault. I didn't understand, till I had to cope. But I'm going to be much nicer now."

The telephone rang. "Answer it, will you, darling," said Mrs. Chester.

But Lisa was already answering it. The awful thought came to her that it might be Bill, saying after all he would not be free to come along to supper. But it wasn't.

"Mother, what do you think I've got!" she cried, bursting in, starry-eyed.

"The Koh-i-noor for an engagement ring," hazarded her parent.

"No, darling. An oxtail. That sweet man, William Tuttle, just rang up to say he knew the colonel was at home, and he has kept you one, if I'll run along."

"Well, isn't that nice? One of us will simply have to knit that man something," said Mrs. Chester. "War does make one appreciate one's friends."

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